

THE WAR CDV

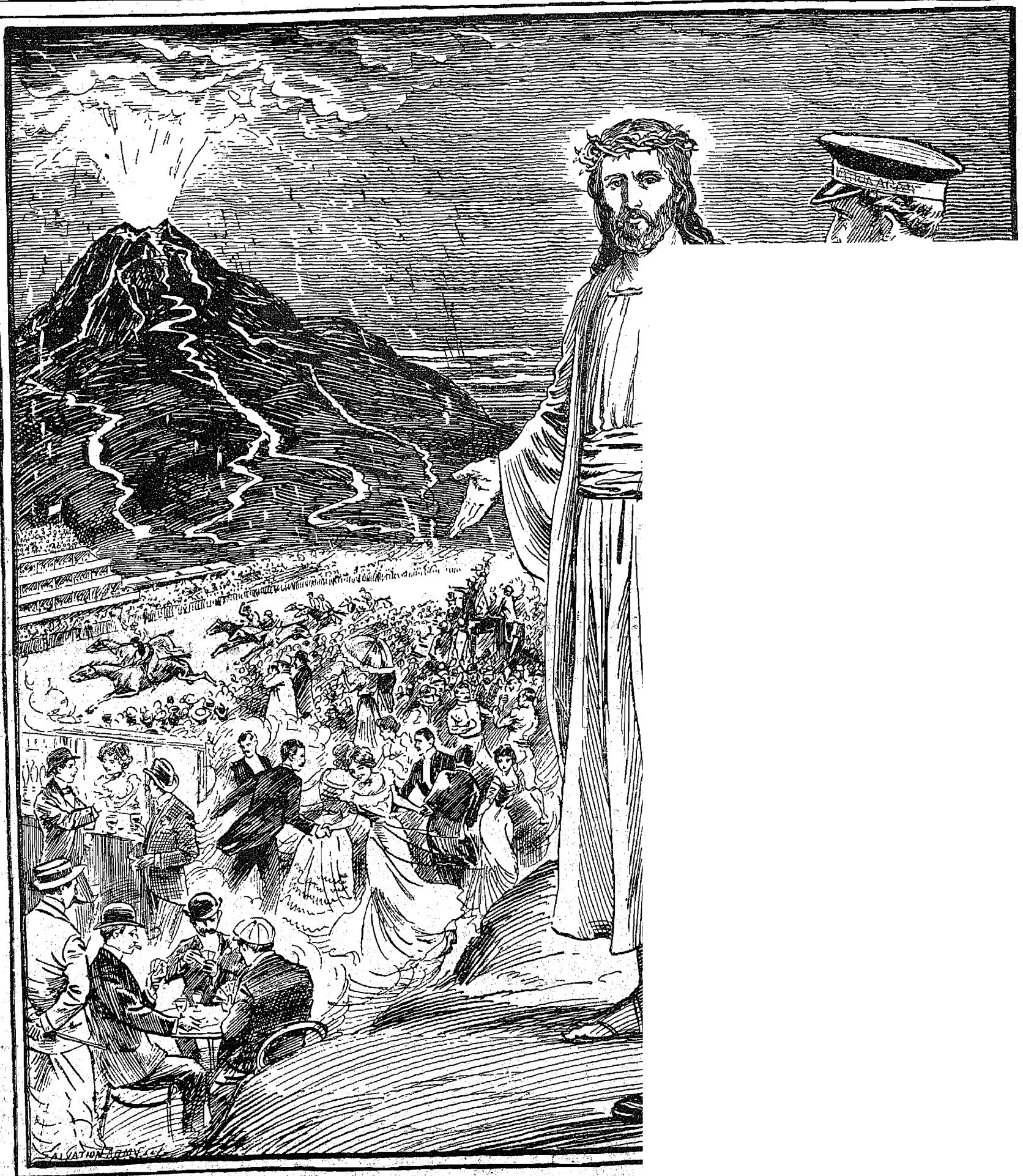


AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN C

23rd Year. No. 32.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1907.



DOES CHRIST CALL YOU TO

This impressive cartoon aptly hits off the condition of millions of toment and fiery wrath they disport themselves in the sins and follies of evil quences of wrong-doing will suddenly burst upon them and overwhelm them pleading with a young Salvationist to go to the careless ones and warn them plead with you, young reader? If so, yield to Him. Consecrate yourself to the world. All those who wish to become Candidates for Officership in the Candidates' Secretary, the Temple, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

How a Brave Local Officer and His Wife Redeemed the Situation.

It was years ago, in the back bush of an isolated Australian township, that a struggling, little Salvation Army corps suffered dire reverse through a period of unfaithfulness, doubly repeated, on the part of those who were responsible for its leadership. So hopeless and barren had the field become, from a spiritual standpoint, that the Divisional Officer saw nothing better for the present than to close up the corps, and retire from the neighborhood.

Just at this crisis, by God's own guiding hand, a faithful Local Officer got an important railway appointment at the depot. He and his wife and family moved to the little township, in full cognizance of the low status of the Army's reputation, and the evil deeds, which had wrought such damage. Nevertheless, true to his God and his colors, he appeared at work bearing the Army insignia. He was sent for by the station-master, and asked if it were true that he belonged to the Salvation Army.

"Yes, sir, I have that honor."

"Well, then, you must either leave this appointment or the Army, for we want a respectable man here in the position you were to hold."

"But you have yet to prove that I am not respectable, sir; and as for leaving the Army, I cannot do so," was our comrade's brave rejoinder. In matter of fact, he was entirely in his right, and knowing that at the important railway centres of the line there were several honored Salvationists holding good positions, he spoke up fearlessly.

In the meantime, an urgent appeal was made to the Divisional Officer for consent to a proposal that his wife and daughter should hold the flag up temporarily as supply, until the cause had recovered, and a new spiritual dawn awoke, giving promise of substantial progress, and warranting the sending in of a field officer.

Together these two women soldiers sallied forth night after night, one carrying the drum and the other the flag, and by their consistent life and earnestness, a little group of converts

was won, public opinion recovered, and the Army's standing re-assured. Officers were sent in due time, and found a little corps of seventeen fighting soldiers, eager to win fresh triumphs for the Cross.

Some four years later another move on came to the Local Officer. The railway officials were now anxious to prove their appreciation of his life and character amongst them. They approached the Army Captain asking that a farewell social be got up at their expense. Some sixteen of them attended the meeting, and, presenting him with an illuminated address, publicly expressed their admiration for the faithful Salvationist, who had continuously worn his colors amongst them, and won their highest respect, not only for himself, but for the organization to which he belonged.

Faces in the Bread Line.

(Kansas City Journal.)

It was 8.30 o'clock last night before the Salvation Army bread line got a fair start. A little booth erected on Main Street, at the southwest corner of the City Hall Square stood empty for one hour after the hour set for the coffee and rolls to be given out. A large banner on the front and two sides of the structure read: "Salvation Army—Hot Coffee and Rolls."

Old men, young men, boys too, some with overcoats and the most without, were on hand at the appointed hour. They stood, hands in pockets, humped over and shivering in the damp cold.

"Ain't they goin' to start?" asked an aged, white-haired man, wearing a heavy cap and no overcoat. "I was here last night, and I tell you them rolls and coffee was good."

"Wait a minute, and I'll find out," said a boy as he tripped away up to the Salvation Army Hotel at 10 West Fifth Street, half a block away.

"They're makin' the coffee now," he informed the old man and some others on his return; "might as well go and get warm. I saw lots of rolls up there, and we'll all have a chance, I know."

So they went on for that weary hour, all ages, all sizes, and all nationalities. They looked into the empty shack, got information that there would be

"something doing" later, and went away to warm up. They didn't go far, for when the "goods" began to arrive and the coffee and rolls were ready, the old man with the cap and no overcoat was first in line, and the cheerful looking boy second.

"I know how that feels," said a man with an English accent, as the old man snatched his lips over the coffee. "I walked from Edinburgh to Liverpool once, and was lucky to stumble right on to a bread line when I got at my journey's end, wet, cold, and hungry."

"I have been all over England," replied the old man, between bites, "in Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and even the Isle of Man. I know the country like a book."

"Where were you stopping?" said the man with the English accent. "I would like to talk with you. Perhaps we can scrape up an acquaintance."

Those two left together and started up towards the Salvation Army, talking earnestly. Perhaps the old man knew the young man's father, perhaps both talked of "good old days back home," where both were better off. Who knows?

The faces in the bread line are a study. Each one tells a different story. The grizzled old fellows who have had all the knocks that can come to one man, endured all the hardships, and passed through the many sorrows show it. They are resigned, slow—not at all hasty. They look as if, should they be disappointed and get no coffee and rolls, it would be all the same to them.

Every man in line represents a failure in life of some kind or other, even the strong and hardy ones who show that manhood's morning has not reached its noon. They are more eager, more hopeful, than the old fellows. They lean to one side of the line and look ahead to see that there will surely be some left when they reach the goal.

"Can ye see how things are goin' on ahead?" said one of these to a friend further up in line.

"Cut it out," came the answer. "You'll tip yer hand and make some one think you're hungry."

There was little badgering like this, however. Men who are objects of such charity are not as a rule very talka-

tive. It was left to the younger ones, the ones too small for men and too big for boys, to do a little cutting up. They danced to keep their feet warm and made feints at boxing. They appeared more or less cheerful.

The line did not last so long last night as the previous night. The reason given for it was that the Salvation Army had sent to Bean Lake 350 men in the last few days to cut ice, and the Helping Hand had probably sent as many. That greatly decreased the number of indigent or homeless men in the North End. The old men and cripples are always left.—American War Cry.

Saved Through Answer to Prayer.

Brother Gould, an old-time Salvationist, who has seen good service for many years in Australia and England, and is now a Temple soldier, narrowly escaped what might have been a fatal accident the other day.

Our comrade was at work on a scaffolding in a ship-building yard, on which were also three or four other men. Suddenly the scaffolding gave way, and being the end man, he found himself on the ground, having fallen from some height, and the main plank pressing on his chest. To make matters worse, the temporary forge which had been in use, also came down on the top of him with its burning embers scattering on all sides. Almost by miracle our brother escaped practically unhurt, save for bruises and subsequent stiffness.

How was it?

During that same morning his Godly wife at home received a distinct Spirit-impulse moving her to pray on her husband's behalf.

Little knowing the danger he would be in, she fell upon her knees and cried: "Oh, God! take care of and protect my dear husband."

Later in the day she learned how wondrously God had answered her prayer. Brother Gould alone of his fellow-workmen on that scaffolding was able to finish the week's work, and his employer, hearing of his marvelous escape afterwards, exclaimed, "He could not be killed; he is a good man."

The Praying League

Special Prayer Topic for This Week: Pray for great Spiritual blessing to attend the Self-Denial Effort.

Sunday, May 12.—Joseph's Treble Dream.—Deut. xxxiii. 1-19.

Monday, May 13.—Buried by God.—Deut. xxxiii. 22-26; xxxiv. 1-12.

Tuesday, May 14.—Joshua i. 1-9; ii. 1-7.

Wednesday, May 15.—Reward of Kindness.—Joshua ii. 8-23.

Thursday, May 16.—Jordan Divided.—Joshua iii. 1-7; iv. 12-18; v. 13-15.

Friday, May 17.—Jericho Taken.—Joshua v. 10-12; vi. 1-20.

Saturday, May 18.—Sin and Defeat.—Joshua vii. 1-15.

HOW TO PRAY.

By the General.

I.—Do Not Always Pray for Yourself.

The great temptation in our prayers is to pray for ourselves, to make it a sort of mental exercise. We find ourselves making a prayer that sounds nice and to the point, praying to our own admiration, or praying to those round about us. The temptation is very seldom absent when people pray in any large company to make a prayer that will fit in, that will do some thing

to those round about us. And, in one sense, I don't know that that spirit is to be condemned. But if you pray in your very inmost soul, if you fix your eyes on God, and if you talk to Him, you are bound to do good to those around you, because you lead them also to talk to God.

You can be quite sure He is there—He is not gone on a journey, nor asleep and needs to be woke up. He is there right before you; mystery of mysteries, He is listening to your petitions before they are well out of your lips, or correctly formed in your mind! Listen! "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." I should think that has got a bit turned upside down. "While they are yet speaking I will hear, and before they call I will answer," it might read.

II.—Settle What You Want.

You should settle in your own mind the particular blessing that you desire from God for your needs. Your needs will vary. No two faces are exactly alike. I am like everybody, and everybody is like me; yet I am different from everybody and everybody is different from me. But, however varied our needs may be, God can supply everybody.

Perhaps it is purity, holiness of heart, the destruction of all the remnants of pride and anger—unlawful anger—and lust and all manner of uncleanness out of the soul, so that Jesus Christ can come and abide within.

Or it may be power is wanted for the discharge of duty. They were telling me about a man in the Black Country who came to some meetings I held there recently. He went to the penitent form, got his heart broken, the Holy Ghost came upon him, and he became a new creature. He had been seventeen years a soldier, and nobody had been anything the better for it; he just came, sat down, and put his penny in the plate. He didn't swear or commit a murder. Perhaps if he had he would have got woke up and got saved! since that time he has been a flame of fire.

III.—Conditions and Promises.

In conclusion, strive after the fulfilment of the conditions on which the blessings you require are made to depend. Every promise has conditions, either expressed or understood. There are conditions connected with the blessing you desire. Perhaps it may be a confession of sin, of unfaithfulness to His principles, but, what-

ever it is, put your finger on the spot and confess where you have gone wrong. Don't cover it up. "He that confesseth his sin shall obtain mercy, but he that covereth his sin shall not prosper." Tell God Almighty about it, and lay yourself at His feet. When you have done this you can believe that He lives and answers your cry, and bestows the blessing you need. He will have answered your prayer.

IV.—Here and Now.

There are some things that you can claim here and now. God longs to forgive; He gave His Son to die for that very purpose. A man has no need to consider whether it is God's will he should have a clean heart; he knows that sin stinks in the nostrils of the Almighty. But when he comes to some other things, such as temporalities, or even the salvation of other people, he has to fall back upon God's will. "O God, if You can, consistently, with Your glory, and with my welfare." In these matters, you must be guided by the Holy Spirit, Who will show you what you ought to do.

But, at any rate, I don't think you can be too much in earnest, too desperate. If you feel He is urging you, pushing you on, go in and claim the blessing, whatever it may be!

Saving the Indians of British Columbia.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a most interesting article, and throws a lurid light on the conditions of the heathen of this land, together with some facts concerning what the grace of God can accomplish. Read the Sergeant-Major's story.



The Noble Red Man in His War Paint.

THE story of missionary effort amongst heathen races generally possesses a sufficient element of romance and adventure to make it of more than ordinary interest to the average reader. The following account, therefore, of how Christianity was first introduced amongst the British Columbian Indians, will doubtless prove no exception to the rule. We have compiled it partly from information supplied by Sergt.-Major Auckland, and partly from other sources. Before his conversion, twelve years ago, the present Sergt.-Major used to take part in the horrid festivals described below, and is himself, a trophy of Divine Grace.

I.—A Zimshian Feast.

Amongst the Coast Indians, the Zimshians were the most degraded, and their medicine men were as dreaded as they were powerful. They were cannibals, and the mode of initiation into their horrid order was as cruel and revolting as their savage instincts could devise.

Should any young men of the tribe aspire to be admitted within the ranks of the "Allied" as they called themselves, a long and unpleasant ordeal faced them. First, they had to be educated by the older medicine men, and when that was nearly finished, they

were sent into the bush alone, to remain there fasting until they received their "spiritual gifts." Only the rich young men could ever hope to become one of the initiated, for the next proceeding was to give away considerable wealth in blankets, and furs to the chiefs.

This act was done with great ostentation, the candidate being accompanied by a large body of men, making as much noise as they possibly could. About a score would also hold on to a rope which was tied around his body, and pretend that all their strength was required in order to hold him back.

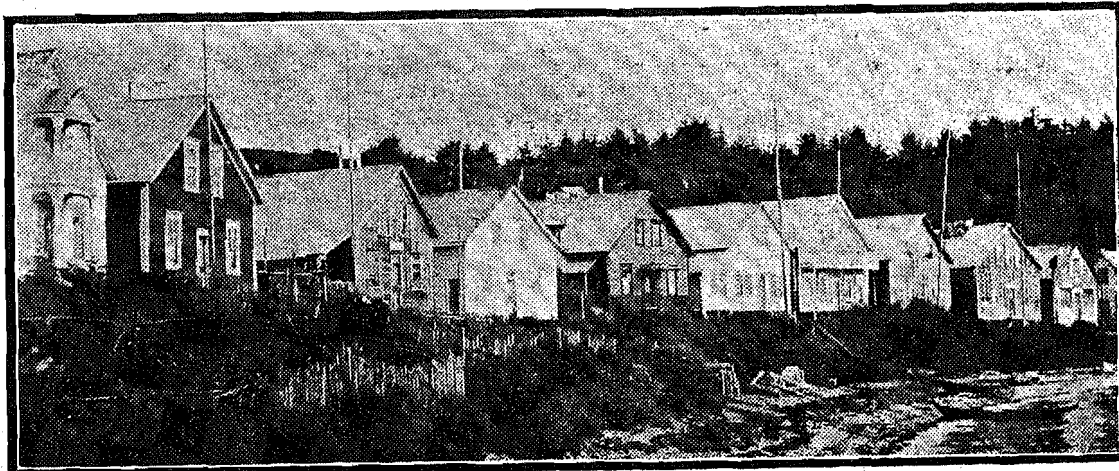
The next step was the final ordeal, and equalled in barbarity the most degrading rites of any tribe under the sun. This part of the initiation was actually witnessed by Mr. Duncan,

whole of the uninitiated population left their houses and formed themselves into groups at a distance from the fatal spot, lest they should also become victims. A fear for which there was very good reason. Presently, two bands of Allied men came marching along, producing the most hideous sounds, each being headed by a candidate for membership.

The two candidates advanced with a long, creeping step, waving their arms and jerking their heads backwards and forwards, so as to make their long hair wave in the breeze. They pretended for some time to be seeking for the body and at last they discovered it and made a simultaneous rush for it. In a moment they were closely



Sergt.-Major Auckland and His Wife—in His War Paint.



An Indian Village in B. C.

surrounded by their respective bands, but in a few minutes the crowds opened, and out passed the two men, each bearing half of the murdered woman, which they had actually torn in two with their hands and teeth alone. They then began devouring the body, when the spectator was unable to endure the sight any longer, and left the spot.

From this it can be well understood that these cannibal medicine men were the dread of the country, and when the sound of their horrid songs was heard near a village, the people generally went off in their canoes, and took good care to remain at a distance until all danger was past, lest they should be selected as the next victims.

Another repulsive custom amongst the people was the eating of dogs, and sometimes they would assemble on the outskirts of a village, set up a furious howling and then rush like a pack of wolves through it, tearing to pieces with their teeth any corpses or dogs they chanced to find.

II.—The Coming of the White Men.

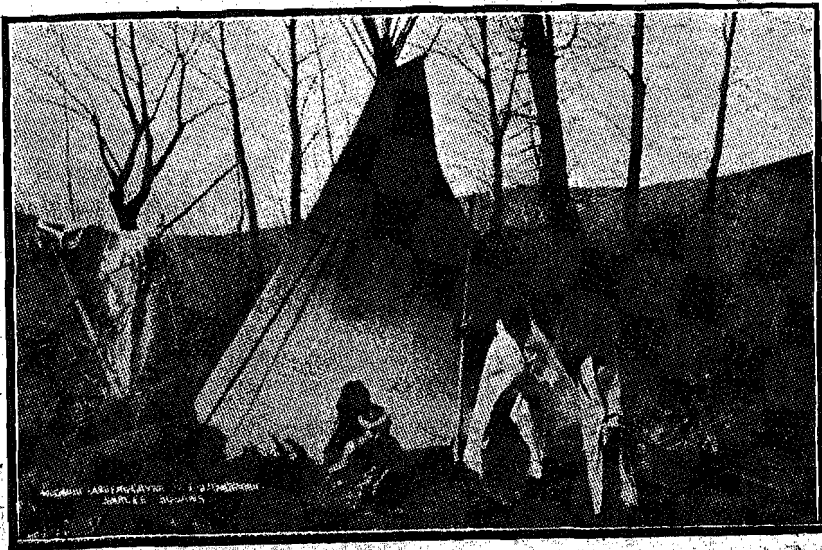
According to the narrative of Sergt.-

Major Auckland, it was about fifty years ago when the first white men came to Port Simpson, where these heathen Indians lived. A British gunboat then appeared, and the Indians seem to have treated the captain in a characteristic savage style. He refrained from firing on them, however, and reported to the home authorities that the Indians of Simpson were terrorists and did not value human life at all.

The story of the Indians' surprise when they observed the strange customs of the white men, was afterwards related by an old native in quaint but forceful language.

"The strangers landed, and beckoned the Indians to come to them and bring them some fish. One of them had over his shoulder what was supposed to be only a stick. Presently he pointed it at a bird that was flying past—a violent 'poo' went forth—down came the bird to the ground. The Indians died! As they revived, they questioned each other as to their state, whether any were dead and what each

(Continued on page 16)



Indian Dwellings—Old Style.

Glance at the World.

CANADIAN.

The new town of Latchford, near Cobalt, had its main street swept by fire, causing damage of from \$100,000 to \$150,000.

McGill University will rebuild her ruined Medical and Engineering Buildings at once. The single engineering building will be replaced by two.

The House of Commons has voted twenty-eight million dollars for the construction of the transcontinental railway.

The Postmaster-General announced in Parliament that from the first of this month the postage on newspapers, magazines and trade journals between Canada and Britain would be reduced from eight cents to two cents per pound.

The bill introduced to empower the Ontario courts to dissolve marriages between boys and girls under eighteen years of age, without their parents' consent, was defeated in the House at Ottawa.

The six heroes of the Hochelaga School fire were presented with gold medals from the parents and friends of the school children in token of their bravery, and by the Protestant Board of School Commissioners with \$25 each.

The builders of the transcontinental railway at Kenora are complaining that whiskey and dynamite do not go well together in railway work, and are going to ask the government to prohibit the whiskey. Naturally, the saloon-keepers are more anxious over the prospects of losing the market for their whiskey than the stopping of the long list of damage, injury and death inevitable where the combination exists.

FOREIGN.

The Pioneer, a freight steamer, valued at \$75,000, was destroyed by fire in New York harbor.

Peace negotiations between the Central American Republics of Nicaragua, Salvador and Honduras have been successfully concluded.

New York had seven fires on the 22nd of April, with a record of a property destruction of \$200,000, two hundred and fifty horses killed, two engines overturned, twelve firemen injured, two of them seriously, and four men burned to death.

A despatch from Santiago de Cuba says: Antonio Infante, a negro, is dead at the age of 150 years. Despite his great age, the greatest recorded in modern times, he retained all his faculties to the end. He was born in 1757, nineteen years before the beginning of the American Revolution.

The horrors of the drum-head court-martial were revealed in the Russian Douma by the interpellation committee which reported confessions extorted by beating with whips and rubber rods, pulling out of hair and nails, and such tortures as left youths of 22 looking like old men.

The emigration statistics of Ireland for 1906 show that the emigrants who left Irish ports during the year numbered 35,918, showing an increase of 4,746 as compared with the figures of 1905.

The World's Students' Christian Federation delegates have been warmly welcomed in Tokio. Count Okuma says the future of Christianity in the Orient probably depends on Japan's ability to adapt its precepts to the receptive genius of the East. King Edward has sent a message of sympathy to the delegates.

SPIRITUAL SELF-HELP.

Notes from the Chief of the Staff's Afternoon Address at the Young People's Councils.

"Work out your own Salvation with fear and trembling."—Phil. ii. 12.

(Conclusion.)

I do not say you really mean to do them any great injury. That is not the point. The point is, What will this spirit do in your own soul? Instead of working out your salvation, it will work out your ruin.

I believe this spirit of revenge and unwillingness to forgive is very much commoner than we suppose it to be. But it is horrible!

You would not like to feel that I had a grudge against you. You, therefore, should not carry any grudges against others. Grudge-bearing is entirely against the spirit of Jesus Christ. When the disciples asked Him to teach them to pray, He said, pray to the Father, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Your own salvation will have to be worked out on that principle.

Now, I am saying that you must work out your own salvation by acting towards all according to the Golden Rule. This will make you treat all around you—whether they are masters or servants, mothers or fathers, or friends—as you would wish them to treat you.

This means, that as a servant you must not be lazy over your work, or make the task you are doing spin out a few hours longer than it ought. This means that you must be perfectly honest, and do only what will bear the daylight and the searching eyes of God.

Have you ever been in a cinematograph meeting when the lights have suddenly been turned up? Think what a wonderful thing it will be when the lights of God come on! You never know when they are coming.

Therefore, do nothing that is evil, nothing that is unfaithful, nothing that does not tally with God's law of doing to others as you would they should do to you.

Working out your own salvation means making confession and restitution when you have done wrong.

Suppose anyone has acted dishonestly towards you, you would like them to come and confess it to you. Just so, if you have been dishonest or unfaithful, you must go and confess it and seek to put it right, if you are to work out your own salvation.

Two years ago, we had a man at the penitentiary who, before he was converted, set his house on fire in order to get the insurance money. He succeeded, and got £60 out of the company by fraud. But the light of God came into his soul, and he saw the wrong he had done. He said, "I must pay the money back." And he went, with an officer, to the insurance company and confessed his sin, and told them what he wanted to do. They gave him time, and I believe he has now repaid every penny.

Last year we had a young woman at a young people's meeting who was in service at some establishment. She had, before her conversion, stolen a sum of money from her employer, and now God showed her what she ought to do, how she must confess and take the money back, and take the risk of prosecution, or she could never have peace. She had some money saved up, and this she gave to an officer, who went to her old employer

and told him what she had done, and asked him to forgive her and accept her repayment. The gentleman said, "We felt suspicious of her, but could never make sure. Since, however, she has confessed, we are willing to forgive, and you can have the money."—(it was over £50)—"for the good work of the Salvation Army."

This young woman's confession pleased God. The act of restitution pleased God. The master's soul was blessed by her action. And the money helped the Salvation Army. But—best of all—best of all—that poor storm-tossed soul found peace at last.

With you it may not be money or goods. You may have injured away somebody's reputation or somebody's character, or stolen someone's peace of mind, or someone's affection, to which you had no right; or someone's purity and honor; and you may have in your heart at this moment a dishonest spirit.

I do not think that there is any possibility of your getting peace with God, or peace with yourself, or peace with the people round you; I do not believe you will find peace in this world, or in the world to come, unless you repent and go and admit your wrong, and make restitution so far as you have it in your power to do so.

Again, if you do unto others as you would be done by, you will serve them as you would like to be served yourself.

An officer told me of two young men—soldiers in the same corps. One of them, though he has a nice home, and his parents are good Salvationists, is always grumbling; he grumbles at the house, he grumbles at his food, he grumbles at his work, he grumbles in spite of all that is done for his happiness.

The other young man in that same corps has very hard times. All last summer his father was out of work, and much of the furniture in the home had to be sold for bread. Not long ago his mother said to the Captain, "Our Jim never complains. We have had a terrible winter. He has been the only stay of the house. His earnings keep us going. Yet, although I have often nothing for him in the evening but dry bread, and sometimes a morsel of cheese, he never grumbles. If I had never believed in religion before, I should have to believe in it after watching our Jim through this winter."

That is working out your own salvation; that is doing as you would have others do to you.

Think of those men who break the record in running and walking matches. They say, "I should like to see if I could manage it; I believe I could. I shall be able to stretch myself and reach out to it."

So, when sorrows, poverty, loneliness, and other trials come, we may say, "Oh, my God, I am going in all this to see my salvation stretch a little further yet. I am going to work it out to a little higher level. I believe in Thy grace I can."

And in working out your own salvation, that is, in doing unto others as you would be done by, you must act towards them with sympathy. Do not go about owning a selfish soul.

Oh, I tell you, here is the mightiest force in the world at your disposal!

You can have what is more powerful than learning and money, and all the influences which come from great positions—you can have the power of love, you can go about in the might of a loving heart, a tender spirit, a generous soul.

An officer said not long ago, "One of my soldiers gave notice to leave her situation, but the mistress came round to the quarters at nine o'clock the next morning. 'Captain,' she said, 'you must not let Annie leave me on any account. I trust you will make her stay. She is a gem in our house. She seems to have a heart of love for everybody.'"

What a recommendation for the religion of Jesus Christ!

This spirit will make your salvation shine as a lighthouse in the darkness, lighting the shipwrecked mariners on the stormy seas of sin and sorrow. People will say as they look at you, "This is in truth the light of God. If I can only have that religion, I shall be safe."

Are you going to work out your own salvation after the fashion of which I have spoken?

The Spirit of God has shown you just what you ought to do; you know the door you have left unlatched, the question you have left unsettled, the weak spot through which the enemy finds an entrance into your soul.

May God help you here and now to go down and say, "I will have it straightened out. I will give myself to God after this fashion, and I will make an everlasting covenant with Him to work out my own salvation in His strength day by day."—W.B.B.

Band Notes.

Bandmaster Nock of Brantford has the honor of being the first bandmaster in Canada to send in an order for the new publication, entitled the "Bandman and Songster." He has subscribed for twenty copies per week for the use of the Band.

This new Army journal is especially devoted to the interests of Bandsmen, and can be obtained from the Trade Secretary for an annual subscription of 50 cents a year. We hope other bands will follow the lead given.

This is what a Bandmaster says about Band Book No. II:—

"Just a few lines to let you know we have received the No. II. Band Book O. K. I would like to offer you my appreciation to the splendid get-up of the book. In my estimation it is the very thing which our bands have really needed for years. The introduction and bass solos are within the reach of most of our bandsmen. The harmony and phrasing of the different pieces are splendid. I think, if average bands would procure and study this book it would place them in a better position to master the more advanced and later publications."

Just a word about our uniforms. I think the tailoring department made an excellent fit and also were very prompt in filling our order. The Vancouver I. band is forging ahead, and will yet be a power both musically and spiritually in the ranks of the great S. A. Yours, fighting in the ranks, S. B. Redburn, Bandmaster.

The Ottawa I. band have ordered several new instruments, "Our Own Make," and they expect a great time when the presentation of instruments and commissioning of locals takes place.

Personalities.

Colonel Brengle reports victorious times at Drammen. Last year forty souls were registered; this year one hundred and thirty-one were at the penitent-form. A number of ministers have attended the Colonel's meetings, and have expressed their gratitude for blessings received.

Lieutenant-Colonel Maidment, the Chief Secretary of Norway, has just completed his first tour in the Trondhjem Division. In twelve days, he traveled 1,100 miles by rail, 700 by steamship, and 53 by sleigh, visited six corps, saw crowds at every one of the twenty meetings held, and rejoiced over many souls seeking salvation. The Colonel reports that he was very favorably impressed during his tour with the Army's standing in various provincial towns visited by him.

We regret to announce that Adjutant Howell, of the Temple Corps, is seriously ill, with an attack of rheumatic fever.

Captain Williams is also down with typhoid fever at Winnipeg.

Staff-Captain Miller and Ensign Locke will shortly leave for Newfoundland, where they will be engaged putting up a new building for school purposes. The Ensign will probably be away four or five months.

Brigadier Horn recently visited London and Hamilton on property business. He was accompanied by Staff-Captain Miller.

By the time this issue is in the hands of our readers, the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle will be returning to the Dominion. We understand that the sea voyage and the their visit to the Old Country has had a most beneficial effect upon the Colonel's health. We hope the good work will be continued on the home trip. God bless him.

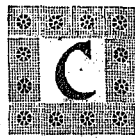
Lieut.-Colonel Von Rossum, of Java, reports that from the side of the Javanese themselves, there are constant proofs that the work of the Army is appreciated. Not long since, a Regent—the highest Javanese Government Official called at Headquarters with the request that the Army would start a school in his district—a request which is naturally receiving every attention.

Colonel Lindsay, in a recent dispatch from Jamaica, says that from March 22nd onward up to the time of writing, earthquake shocks were again more frequent and violent. The Colonel adds: "As regards ourselves, well, we are all here and doing the best we can, not only to keep each other bright, but to make the very most of this great opportunity, both in and outside the S.A."

Our Commander recently visited some of the Native Javanese Corps, with satisfactory results. Since the Army opened fire at Boerworedjo, there has been a noticeable increase in the sale of Bibles and Scripture portions.

OUR SHORT STORY

SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

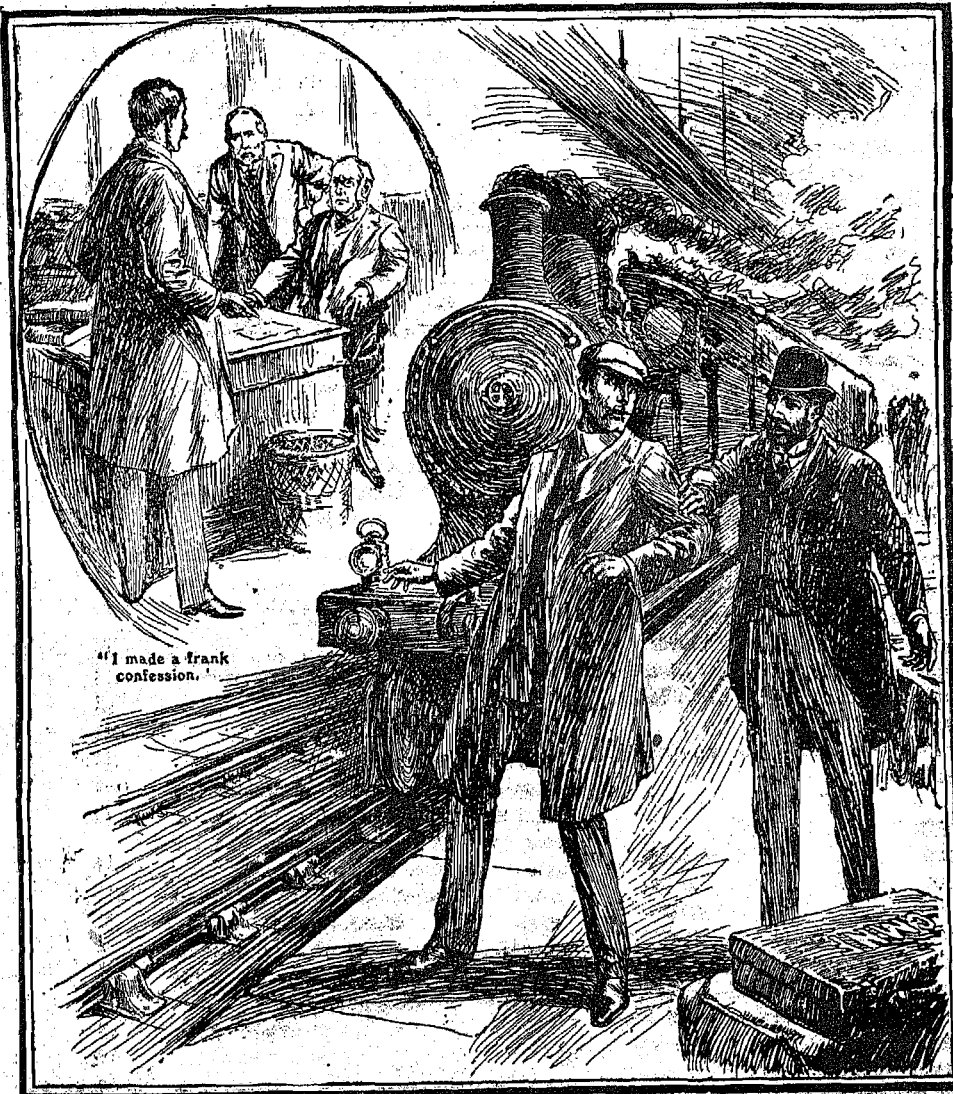


CAREFUL and far-reaching as its system of reporting may be, much of the good work accomplished by the Army is unrecorded. This is the story of a Salvationist's helpful influence and its beneficent consequences as revealed for the first time years after the help was given.

While walking through the city the other day I was suddenly brought to a standstill by a gentleman who called me by name and cordially gripped my

I won considerably, which induced me to remain a second day in the hope of increasing my winnings. It was a vain hope, for instead of winning more I lost not only what I had previously won, but my own money, too, and a considerable sum belonging to my employers.

"In this awful fix I saw nothing but dismissal before me, unless I could hide my defalcations until I could raise enough to make good the deficit. Suddenly I heard the distant roar of the oncoming express. The



"I made a frank confession."

"I staggered backward and the 'Flying Dutchman' thundered through the station."

hand. His face was aglow with pleasure.

I had to apologize. "I am sorry, but I really cannot recall either your face or your name."

"Perhaps not; but don't you remember waiting at a railway station eight years ago, and as you paced to and fro on the platform you noticed a couple of traveler's cases bearing the initials G. M. N. F.?"

I remembered. It was at Rugby. The voice seemed familiar to me now. I said so.

"Rugby is right," he replied, "and we were waiting for the Birmingham train, which was held back for the Flying Dutchman. You were anxious to get home to your wife and children; but I was the most miserable of men. Tossed about with fear and self-reproach, I was well-nigh frenzied. I was traveling for a Birmingham firm of jewellers, and whilst at Peterborough had been induced by a customer to accompany him to the Northampton races. I was there two days. At first

next minute it was in sight, and with a desperate resolve, I strode towards the edge of the platform to throw myself in front of the ponderous engine, when—ah, you remember!

"You laid hold of the lapel of my coat, clung to me, and pointed to my initials on the bag, saying at the same time, 'God's Mercy Never Fails.'"

"I staggered backward, and the Flying Dutchman thundered through the station."

"Your kindly intervention at that moment was an instant proof of God's mercy, and half paralyzed though I was, I recognized it. Then, you remember, we together entered a compartment of the train that carried us homeward. You talked to me of your children, of their funny sayings, and strange doings, and you gave me some examples of your habit of constructing little sermonette sentences out of the initial letters of advertisements."

"But how did you get out of your trouble?" I asked, "for I could not persuade you to talk of your diffi-

culty?"

"You drew my thoughts away from my despair, and by your sympathy helped me to face my responsibility. God bless you Salvationists! How often I've regretted that I never sought you out to thank you."

"Immediately we reached the terminus I took a conveyance to the works, where, although late, I found both my employers still working."

"I went in, made a frank confession, and threw myself upon their mercy. I asked them to allow me to continue to work for them, and undertake to leave the bulk of my earnings until I had fully repaid them, capital and interest."

"My employers looked at each other and then at me for some moments. I shall never forget that suspense. It seemed an eternity ere the senior partner said, 'Marmaduke, you shall have your chance, and I assure you that the matter shall go no further than our three selves.'"

"It took me three years to make good my gambling losses, and at the end of that time I fully gave up myself to God for His service. I am not a Salvationist, but I am working much on the same lines for the glory of God and the good of mankind. It was partly for this reason I spoke to you. I wanted you to realize how the work of Salvationists bears fruit in other parts of the Lord's vineyard. Your people sow beside all waters, and very frequently they never see the harvest gathered in elsewhere."

"Yet there are many who, do not hesitate to own their debt to the Army?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Only the other day, in the saloon of a big liner bound for Canada, I sat next to a perfectly-dressed gentleman, who, addressing a group of guests, waiting to hear the speeches to the Army emigrants, said, 'I owe everything to the Army. I was a mere loafer when they picked me up and put some backbone into me. Now I've got three hundred a year, and a beautiful home, although I never had the pluck to do what I ought to have done—volunteer for an officer, or at least get sworn-in as a soldier.' Oh, yes, there are thousands like me, who are not ashamed to own that but for the Army they would have gone to destruction and there are thousands more who just throw a copper into an Army ring and hurry on—ashamed to be seen with the very people who rescued them."—T. A. J.

G. B. M. Notes.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

There is cause for thankfulness for the increasing interest in this branch of the Army's work, as manifested by the larger returns this quarter from local agents in this part of the country.

Sister Egerton, of Galt, holds the record so far, but no doubt there are others who are endeavoring to do their utmost to increase their returns.

I hear rumors of some agents sending out challenges to raise the largest sum during the next quarter.

Ours is a worthy cause, and now for a strong pull altogether to make this June quarter a record-breaker.

In looking back over my present tour, I have much cause to be grateful to God for the increasing interest shown in the lantern services, and also praise Him for many souls saved and sanctified.—Edward Matier, Capt.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is preparing to give \$50,000,000 towards a scheme of education for the Chinese.

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address, plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

CAPTAIN ANNA PRICE to be Ensign.

Lieut. Laura Irwin, to be Captain. Cadet Iva Crosby, to be Pro-Lieutenant at the Toronto Children's Home.

Marriages—

Captain Amos Gardiner, who came out from Carman, January 16th, 1902, and is now stationed at Killisnoo, B. C., to Lieutenant Elizabeth Penny, who came out from Brandon, February 13th, 1905, last stationed at Vancouver Rescue Home, on April 17th, 1907, at New Westminster, by Brigadier Smeeton.

Captain Peter McGillivray, who came out from Wingham, Ontario, on September 1st, 1903, last stationed at Truro, N. S., to Captain Florence Smythe, who came out from Halifax II., N. S., on September 1st, 1903, last stationed at Louisburg, on February 6th, 1907, at Halifax II., by Brigadier Turner.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Comments on Current Matters.

A VOLCANIC OUTBURST.

According to press despatches, the Stromboli Volcano is again active, and the eruption is described as being awful. It was thought that the mountain was about to open, and that all the people would be swallowed up, or thrown into the sea. The detonations were deafening; while burning stones, ashes and cinders were thrown up, and about a thousand feet over the top of the crater, an immense dark, umbrella-shaped cloud formed.

The population of the Island numbers about two thousand, and it is reported that a considerable number have been injured by the eruption.

AN APPEAL.

On our front page is depicted a volcano, and the point of the picture, we think, is sufficiently obvious to all. Very few of those for whose special benefit it was designed, will miss its meaning. The point is, will those who possess the gifts and graces, and to whom the Lord has revealed His Will, comply with the Divine request? God has spoken to many, for there is no doubt that "the need is the call," and during the last week or two the need for workers in the vineyard has been made very clear. We should like, at this time, to remind our readers of the words of St. Paul, "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin," and to ask the reader who possesses the necessary qualifications, the pointed question—Are you doing all the good you know? If not, the consequences may not only be lamentable in the case of the unsaved, who might be brought to God by your exertions, but also to one's own self.

Elsewhere there is an interesting article, imaginative, it is true, but containing a great truth all the same. It is "The Reflections of a Might-Have-Been." We commend its perusal to

How the General was Welcomed in Japan.

INTENSE EXPECTATIONS AND INTERESTING ARRANGEMENTS.



As we have already informed our readers, the General's arrival in Japan has been a great triumph, and so far as can be gathered, the

arrangements made were adhered to.

Some particulars just received from Colonel John Lawley, the General's Advance Officer in Japan, give an intensely interesting idea of the arrangements being made for our leader's Campaign in the Far East, the expectations aroused by his coming, and the cordial welcome which awaits him.

The populace, says the Colonel, are eagerly discussing the event, while the newspapers are freely dealing with it in their columns.

Meetings of all kinds and with all classes are being arranged. These will include a gathering in one of the largest theatres in Tokio, where the General will gaze upon the novel spectacle of two thousand Japanese seated on the floor (the theatre has no seats) listening—we are sure with the keenest attention—to his words.

Then it is probable that our Leader will be enabled to meet some fifty or sixty of the leading Government Officials, while he has been invited to address the Nobles' Club, when from two to three hundred of the very elite of the nation will be present.

our own readers, and sincerely trust that all who have experienced the leadings of the Holy Spirit in this direction will yield to the Divine claims, and experience the great blessings that follow a life of full obedience.

If you are called to be an Officer, apply at once.

NEW SETTLERS INFUX.

According to immigration returns, the number of new settlers who came to this country during the month of March, totalled 28,630, or nearly 1,000 per day. A clear proof of Canada's popularity as the land of the future. The Salvation Army is doing its share in bringing a desirable class to enjoy the easier conditions of life in this country, and we sincerely trust that the discouragements or hardships which are incidental to breaking new ground, will not daunt those who may have been accustomed to a higher grade of civic development than the great regions of the North-West have yet reached.

PHYSICIANS AND ALCOHOL.

The Medical press in Great Britain has published a strong denunciation of drink, over the names of a dozen leading physicians, including Sir Frederick Treves, Sir James Barr and William Ewart. These eminent medical men say—

"We strongly believe that alcohol is unnecessary as an article of consumption in the case of healthy men and women, and that its general use could be discontinued without detriment to the world's welfare. Further, believing that alcohol is one of the most fruitful sources of poverty, disease and crime, we are pleased to add that it is now sparingly employed as a remedy by a majority of medical men."

We hope that similar views will become prevalent amongst the medical practitioners of this country.

The Colonel adds the significant fact that possibly two-thirds of the General's audiences will be non-Christian.

Enthusiasm and novelty will certainly mark the receptions. At Yokohama, as the General sets his foot ashore, his portrait will flash forth in the city in fire-works. At the pier, the Governor of the Province, the Mayor and a number of leading gentlemen will receive the distinguished world-wide traveler.

As a further proof of the cordial feelings entertained for our beloved General, Colonel Lawley mentions that the proprietor of a leading hotel would regard it as such an honor for him to enter his house, that he has offered us his best rooms free of charge.

Again, Mr. S. Shimada, M.P., who is one of the leading politicians of the country, as well as the proprietor of a leading newspaper, remarked to Colonel Bullard, "I have read and heard so much about the General, that I must have three minutes with him, all to myself!"

The Colonel concludes: "The signs of the times are, that we are in for great events—events that will have to do with the moulding of this unique country, the happiness of its people, and the salvation of the multitudes."

SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

A Few Facts from the British Anti-Suicide Bureau.

The Anti-Suicide Bureau at International Headquarters, continues its useful and beneficent work. Scores of human unfortunates have poured their tales of sorrow, distress and despair into the ears of the officers of the Bureau. Amongst the applicants have been an M.A. from Cambridge, a B.A. of London, a solicitor, a ship's captain, and two schoolmasters.

There have been many encouraging evidences of gratitude from those who have been helped. For instance, a solicitor, whom we had found on the verge of despair, and in great destitution, and whom we were able, through his friends, to help make a fresh start, writes:—"Your Army does not merely talk Heaven; they act it, and bring it down to earth."

Another says:—"I am pleased to put on record the fact that it is entirely through your kindness in receiving me as you did, and your outspoken manner, that I have seen the error of my ways and wasted life, and from that time I have been a different man. Our line of business is notorious for blasphemy, and I am in the atmosphere of it every day, but, with God's help, I am getting the better of it. I would like to get in touch with your officers here, whom I could occasionally go and see, as I am here all alone amongst strangers."

Letters of eulogy and good wishes have been received from people of almost every shade of opinion.

When the Staff Band visited Oshawa, Brig. Howell gave a lecture on the immigration work, which was heartily received.

Roundabout Notes.

The Commissioner is again on the war-path, this time in the direction of the East. We have heard at the moment of going to press that he is having very successful times, a full report of which will appear next week.

Lt.-Col. Pugniver had some very touching interviews with the prisoners at Kingston Penitentiary lately, and is making arrangements for their employment on discharge.

The boys at Sherbrooke Reformatory are still keeping well saved, and are doing splendidly. At Cobourg a new jail has been erected, and the Governor is very interested in the prisoners' welfare, and has requested the Salvation Army officers to conduct regular services there.

Up in the far North, at Dawson City, our officers hold meetings at the penitentiary, with good results, and at New Westminster, B.C., Adj. Collier has an interesting work progressing in the provincial jail.

Lieut. Col. Sharp is enthusiastic over "The Bandman and Songster," the newest publication of the Army, and writes to the Trade Secretary as follows:

"I have just received and perused the first copy. This will be a real boon to our handsmen. The price is very cheap, and the amount of reading matter is simply marvellous. The subjects treated ought to create a big appetite after improvement amongst our musicians."

Staff Capt. Manton has returned to Canada. He has done the Emigration Department great service by his lecturing at different centres in the Old Country.

We are expecting navigation to open on the St. Lawrence soon, and then Staff Capt. Patterson will be an extra busy man. The Staff Captain has successfully conducted two chartered steamers this season and distributed therefrom over 2,000 new settlers.

At the Toronto Police Court recently a young married man was charged with drunkenness and assault. Our officers went and saw the wife and found her in destitute circumstances. She was attended to by our Women's Social Department, and supplied with money to get food until her husband's case was disposed of. Meanwhile our officer had interviewed the authorities, and the man was let off on suspended sentence and handed over to us. He is now working at his trade and is doing well.

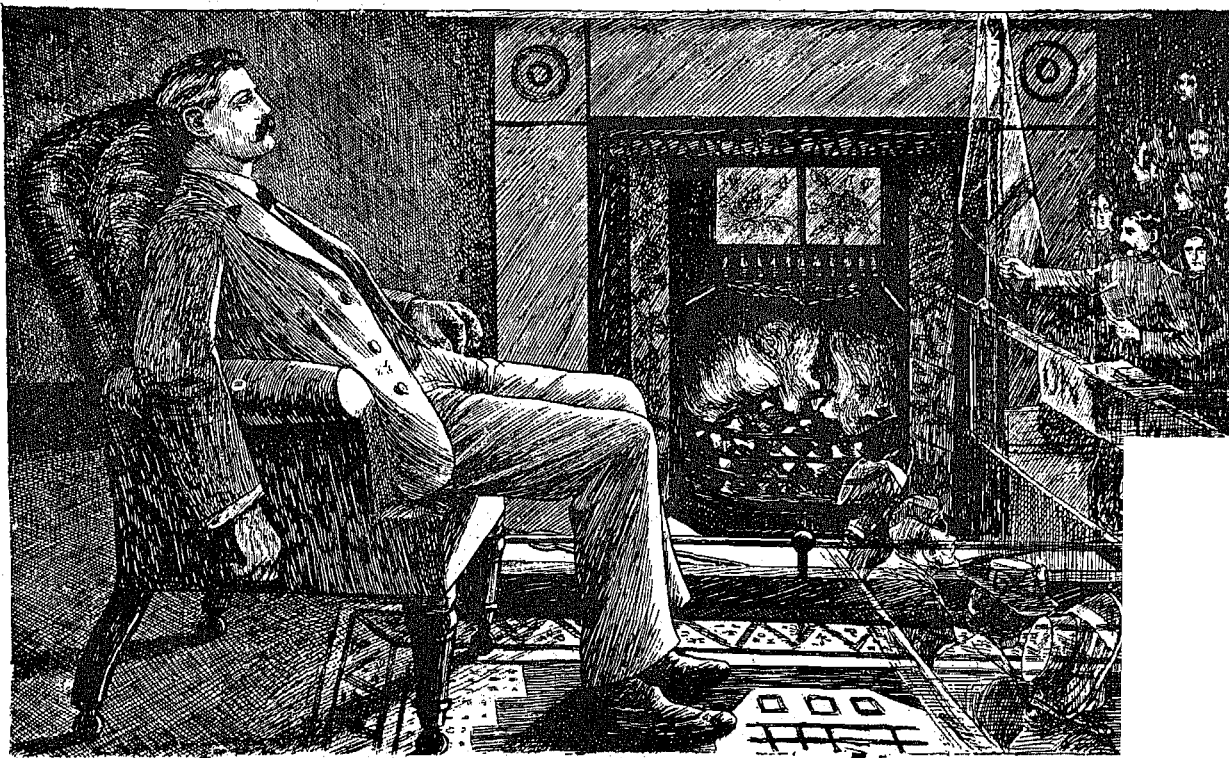
Staff Capt. Frazer reports that the meetings at the Central Prison and the Don Jail are becoming more interesting than ever to the prisoners, and numbers are getting converted. The Staff Band visited the Central on the 12th. Salvation meetings are held on Saturday and Monday nights.

A well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, with a very happy expression, walked into the Men's Social one day last week. The recognition between him and the prison officer was mutual. It appeared that some time ago he had been in the Prison Infirmary in a dying condition. We succeeded in getting him out on parole and sent to his friends. The result was that he fully recovered, and, better still, got soundly converted. He remarked that at the present time he never felt better in his life, and had come round to thank his Army friends.

Local officers' long service badges are now being issued.

The Reflections of a Might-Have-Been.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BACK ON THEIR
PROMISE TO BE OFFICERS IN THE SALVATION ARMY.



A Vision of the Past.

TOM JONES sat in an easy chair at his comfortable lodgings, sick at heart.

It is said that a prodigal son, in Australia, whilst tramping his way to one of the gold-fields, heard an English blackbird whistling in a wicker cage that hung outside the door of a gold-digger's hut. The familiar thrills brought before the young man's mind visions of days long since past, and of places, now far distant. He saw again the lawn in front of the old house at home, on which the ebony-hued, yellow-beaked blackbirds assembled by scores; the extensive gardens where they came to

Steal the Ruddy Fruit

for themselves and their young; the dewy grass that gleamed in the morning sun, when the rich, flutey songs of the blackbirds filled the groves with melody. These scenes brought kindred visions of loving friends, happy associates, and comfortable circumstances before him; and, overcome with mortification that he had lost all these things by his sinful follies, drew his revolver and shot himself dead.

Some such feelings possessed Tom Jones. He had that night attended a Salvation Army meeting. The songs that had been sung, and the sight of men and women coming to the Cross of Christ, had brought back to him a flood of other memories. For years ago he, too, had been a Salvationist and an accepted Candidate for Officership. And as he sat before

The Cheerful Blaze

he cursed the folly and unbelief that had prevented him from becoming what his conscience told him he might have been.

Save for the fire-light he sat in gloom—the darkness was in harmony with his feelings, but out of the shadows of the room came a scene.

It was fond memory bringing the light of other days. He saw himself standing on the platform of an Army barracks declaring unto the poor and

needy the Unsearchable Riches of Christ. Then his heart beat high with the expectation of becoming an Officer, and of one day leading on a corps to victory. To comfort the sorrowing, to bring salvation to the sinful, to encourage those who were struggling against the propensities of the flesh and the influence of adverse circumstances, brought him a joy that made his days laughter and his nights peace. But

There Came a Change,

and what wrought it may be gathered from his soliloquy. Listen—

"Oh, fool, fool that I was!"—and his tones vibrated with bitterness—"I withdrew my application because someone spoke of the hardness of an Officer's life; and my friends held out to me alluring promises of wealth; and I, fool, comforted myself by saying that I could do as much good in my corps as I could by becoming an Officer."

"But what has happened? In every holiness meeting that I attended my broken vows haunted me like ghosts. When I knelt to ask God's blessing upon the temporal and spiritual affairs of my life the Blessings of Obedience and the Curses of Disobedience as set forth in Deuteronomy xxviii. appeared before my mind's eye in characters that burned into my very soul. I knew that

I Had Disobeyed God

and thereby had forfeited my right to be blessed; why, then, should I bring the affairs of my life to Him?" "Driven from the holiness meetings by my conscience which upbraided me for my lack of faith in God, and discouraged from prayer by my disobedience which was ever before me, and of which I would not repent, what wonder, then, that the Army meetings became distasteful, and I became what I am now—a wretched backslider in heart."

After a pause

"It is now five years since I withdrew my application, and I cannot

say that I have been hap

"The bird that has flowery fields and warb song at the gates of be happy in

A Nine

and with two bird that has b captivity might that has revelled dom never.

"Even so I, drunk in the p find satisfaction world's delight. God in the r Army, cannot m where.

"But what ca Bible to read some passage spoken in the brings back a fi that fill my ey heart with sorr

"If I sing, th up visions of s God filled my these memories

Unut

"Oh, unhapp business, prospe able and moral areligious, ma the time a se God's will th science like sc

"I am the s the parable of his father said my vineyard, went not.

"When that the Mercy Sea this evening, choked me, for verted to the t of God, I was Bill Jackson, the town, to C him clapping God, the thou been an Offi

gether in soul-saving work came me that I had to help me!

"Never did I think obedience would cause sorrow, and where wi have heard of many pe been through my e gone on from bad have been and the r

Tom J. contempla him.

The forc of persons. of drawing has made spiritual experiences. I mistrust caused mult ancient Israelites to die i ness, when, if they had and gone in to make wa giant sons of Anak, they

Lived in Cana

The Week-End's Despatches.

There is Some Splendid News in These Reports.

In Some Places Some of the Worst Characters are Getting Converted.

CADET'S MEETING ATTRACTED HIM.

Brigadier Taylor was at Parliament St. on Tuesday, and gave a rousing address to the soldiers on entire consecration to God's service. We had good meetings all the week, and one soul on Saturday night. The Sunday meetings were blessed by God. Capt. Layman was present in the afternoon, and took the lesson and the Cadets sang together. One poor fellow sought deliverance from Satan. At night we had a rousing time, and five souls came to Christ. One of them had been attracted to the meeting by the open-air held by the Cadets.

Almost half the Corps was at knee-drill on Sunday morning.—J.H.S., for Capt. Patrick and Lieut. McLean.

DELIVERANCE FROM SATAN.

We are getting large crowds at Saskatoon, and the Hall is invariably packed to overflowing. Many have to be turned away on Sunday nights.

On Sunday, last we had a blessed time to our souls. At the Holiness Meeting we had the pleasure of seeing one soul at the Mercy Seat for pardon and another for sanctification. At the night meeting the message went forth in the power of the Holy Ghost and many were smitten with deep conviction of sin. Two young men sought and found deliverance from the power of Satan through the precious Blood. The converts all turned up on Monday night and told us that they were clinging close to Jesus.—Secretary.

WERE EAGER TO LISTEN.

One soul came out for full salvation in the Sunday Holiness Meeting at Toronto Junction. The solo of Bandmaster Rossiter in the afternoon was much enjoyed. Twelve juniors were enrolled at the end of the meeting and each one gave their testimony.

The Lieutenant read the lesson at night, and handled her subject well. Crowds stood around the door, eager to listen, but unable to get in. After a hard-fought battle, one soul surrendered, while others were under deep conviction. Our converts are standing true.—Sergeant Pellatt, for Capt. Heron and Lieut. Crist.

AFTER NINE MONTHS.

Captain and Mrs. Laidlaw have farewelled from Fernia, after nine months successful work. Good work has been done at the lumber camps around here and many of the "boys" attend our meetings and give liberally to our funds.

The Corps has been reorganized during Captain Laidlaw's stay, and we are rising.—Chas. Bullock.

had a visit from Brigadier Har- Carleton Place, on April 21st. A very inspiring talk on the Army, and two new called.—Lieut. Jones.

SOME WELL-TRIED VETERANS.

About twenty-five Local Officers were commissioned at Ottawa by, on Thursday night, by Adjutant Taylor. Bandmaster Harris received the same commission for the twelfth term, likewise Sergt-Major Webber.

Sergt. French was appointed J. S. S.-M., and on Friday night he arranged a banquet for the juniors and their parents. An excellent programme was afterwards rendered by the children. The attendance at the company meeting has already increased by twelve.

The Sunday's meetings were a little better attended than usual, and three souls sought salvation at night.—Corps Correspondent.

STAND WAITING ON CORNER.

We are having wonderful times at Woodstock, N. B.. We are now located in our new Citadel, and Ensign Martin and Captain Porter are leading us on to victory. Some of the worst cases in town are getting saved, and drunkards are obtaining victory over their besetment.

The music and singing of our officers draw large crowds to our open-air meetings and the people stand waiting on the corner long before the Army arrives, in order to hear them. The band is doing well.—Bandmaster.

INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENT.

The visit of Ensign Sheard and Ensign Hodges, with the Bioscope to Chatham, N. B., was much appreciated by the people. The entertainment was interesting and instructive, and brought in some good financial results.

Adjutant Carter was with us for a week-end, and we had a glorious time.

Captain and Mrs. Dakin are pushing on the war here.—W. Craig.

LIVELY AT ELECTION TIME.

Adjutant Carter came to Newcastle one Tuesday night, and although there was a great deal of excitement in the town, owing to the elections, we had a fine time in the open-air. The playing and singing of the Adjutant attracted a large crowd, and for a while we had quite a lively meeting.

At the barracks five new soldiers were enrolled under the Army Flag, and we wound up the evening with a social.—Pat.

PROMPT AND WILLING.

The meetings at Barrie continue to be bright and interesting. On Sunday afternoon the comrades were all prompt and willing to testify and we had a good time. At night, Adjutant Hoddinott spoke from the last of Revelation, and much conviction was felt in the meeting.—Corps Correspondent.

BROUGHT FATHER AND MOTHER.

Adjutant Gillam spent the week-end at Belleville. The meetings were well attended, and great interest was manifested by the crowds on the streets. Over thirty were on the march, and the finances amounted to \$26. In the afternoon meeting a boy came to the penitent-form. He brought his father and mother to the meeting at night, and had the joy of seeing them also seek the Saviour. Altogether eleven souls sought pardon. Ensign and Mrs. Coy are in charge of the work here, and were very pleased with the result of the meetings.

THE POWER CAME DOWN.

Brigadier Collier and Captain Patenden were at Dovercourt for Sunday. Good crowds attended all day, and two sought the blessing of a clean heart.

The power came down at night and we had a glorious time. The Brigadier fought in his shirt-sleeves, and we had the joy of seeing nine at the Cross; making a total of eleven for the day. Some good cases were amongst them, one being an ex-bandmaster.—War Correspondent.

THANKFUL FOR ONE.

God is blessing us at Uxbridge, and the outlook is bright for the future. On Sunday, April 21st, we had one soul in the morning meeting seeking the blessing of a clean heart; and at the night meeting one dear man who had wandered from God, returned and renewed his vows. We closed at eleven o'clock, tired, but thankful even for the one soul that repented.

Our S.-D. Effort promises to be a success. To God be all the glory.—J. H. and W. S.

WHAT MUST I DO?

On Sunday we had splendid meetings at Montreal IV. We were pleased to have Adj. Cabrit, Captains Magwood, Nelson and Forbes and Lieut. Moore with us. In the evening Capt. Forbes spoke from the text "What must I do to be saved?"

Our band is doing well, and is going forward, so as to win souls. We had ten out playing to-day.—Corps Correspondent.

A TALK ON MIRACLES.

Staff-Capt. McLean recently visited Brampton, and gave us a very interesting talk, entitled "Past and Present Miracles." It was enjoyed by all, and at the close two raised their hands for prayer.

One soul sought and found pardon on Sunday.—Capt. L. Garside.

ARE YOU GOING WEST?

Any Soldier or Friend who is thinking of going to British Columbia, will do well to communicate with the Commissioner on the subject. Mark your envelope in the left hand corner "British Columbia," and it will have immediate attention.

Captain Ash was at Port Hood for the week-end and gave a Lantern Service entitled the "Roll Call."

God blessed our efforts on Sunday, and four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. Our crowds and finances are on the up grade.

THE TEMPLE.

It was my pleasure, in company with Mrs. Pugmire, to spend Sunday at the Temple. Exceptionally large crowds attended every service, while at night the large auditorium was packed in every part.

A regrettable thing, was the absence of the Commanding Officer, through sickness.

The band worked splendidly, and rendered a number of selections most creditably. While the soldiers turned up well for the various open-air, and worked like trojans.

Great power fell upon the meetings and numbers came to the Mercy Seat for the pardon of their sins.—J.S.P.

WENT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

We had good meetings this Week-end at Paris. On Sunday afternoon, we had "The Sale of a Child." This aroused the curiosity of some, and they came to see who would get the child. After several very enticing worldly offers, and one religious offer, we decided that Christianity should have the child.

We were pleased to have with us some new comrades from the Old Land, and at the close of the meeting, two of these comrades voluntarily responded to the invitation to seek full salvation.—Corps Correspondent.

ADJUTANT SMITH AT QUEBEC.

We were very glad this week to welcome into our midst Adj. Smith, who gave us a very interesting lecture on the poor in London, their life and customs, etc. It was very much appreciated. As usual, good meetings were held in the Barracks all day Sunday.

During the day two men came forward and knelt at the Mercy Seat seeking forgiveness.—L. Paxman.

BRUISING SATAN'S HEAD.

On Tuesday the 16th, eighteen soldiers rallied round the banner at Fort William, and attracted a large crowd. One man was convicted of sin and followed us to the Barracks; where he found Jesus.

On Sunday night, the 21st., the Barracks was crowded to the door and on Monday another sinner sought and found the Saviour.

Satan's head is sore in consequence.—Ensign Crego, per. T.S.W.

JOURNEY TO LUMBER CAMP.

The officers of Botswoodville Nfld., recently paid a visit to the lumber camps, accompanied by three sisters, Mrs. Sharon, Mrs. Hart, and Mrs. Stockley. They were received very kindly, and held some meetings among the men, afterwards doing some darning and sewing for them. They had some interesting experiences, and reached home none the worse for their travels.

ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED NOW.

God is blessing the efforts put forth at Napanee, and since Captain Oldford and Lieut. Lawrence took charge, twelve souls have knelt at the Mercy Seat. Electric lights have been put in the hall, which makes it much brighter.

The Lieutenant has now gone to take charge of Buckingham. May God bless him there.—Treas. Mrs. Hicks.

TOOK IT BY STORM.

We are having grand times at Moncton, and many souls are being converted. Adjutant Smith was with us last week-end and took the place by storm. The Barracks was packed at every meeting and on Sunday night nine souls knelt at the Cross. Four also came out for full salvation in the Holiness Meeting.

The Adjutant gave his famous lecture about London on Monday. All classes of people were present, including local clergymen, and they greatly enjoyed his lecture.—L. P.

FIVE AT THE CROSS.

Adjutant White and Captain Duncan visited Halifax N.S. recently, and conducted the meetings. They are here in the interests of the new Rescue Home.

God came very near and moved the hearts of the people and five came to the Cross for pardon and cleansing.

Our little band is getting along nicely, and under the leadership of Captain and Mrs. Hargraves, the corps is making splendid progress.—A. S. D.

MANY DEEPLY MOVED.

We had a soul-stirring meeting at Halifax N.S. on Sunday night. It was conducted by Adjutant White and Captain Duncan. Many were deeply moved by the Adjutant's talk on the Wonderful Christ, and seven souls plunged into the Fountain.

Ensign and Mrs. Hudson are hustling the S.D. Effort.—H.S.D.

SAILED SAFELY INTO PORT.

(By Wire.)

We have smashed our target of \$120 at Truro, N.S. Under command of Capt. Cavender and Lieut. Smith, the S. D. ship reached port safely. It was a big struggle, in the midst of many other financial efforts in the town, but hard work and strong faith brought us off victorious. The public responded generously to our appeals, and the comrades fought bravely. There is much rejoicing over the victory. We had a great day on Sunday, and two souls volunteered out.—Cavender.

SYMPATHY LED TO SALVATION.

One night a poor man came tramping along the road from Owen Sound to Meaford. He was searching for work, and at the latter place he sought out the Salvation Army to ask for a bite of food. Lieut. Petersen heard his story and supplied his needs for the time being. Next day he found him a job. Later on he attended the meetings and got saved, giving up his pipe and tobacco. A sister came forward also at the same meeting, who was formerly addicted to both drinking and smoking. They are both rejoicing in salvation now.

In the Holiness meeting at Calgary on Sunday, one soul sought sanctification and one salvation. In the afternoon two more sought God, and at night four more came out. The week-end collections amounted to \$57.50. Staff Capt. and Mrs. Coombs are in command.—Mrs. R. Flatham.

The Galt band had a trip to St. George on Saturday, and had a profitable time. On Sunday morning one soul came to God at knee drill.—Maurice.

Mrs. Staff Capt. Hay, assisted by Capt. Lang, led the meetings at Goderich on Sunday. In the afternoon the four children of Bro. and Sist. Houslander were dedicated to God and the Army. The address of Mrs. Hay in the evening was very impressive.

Brigadier and Mrs. Turner
IN BERMUDA.

Hearty Welcome—Great Field Day—Much Blessing and Many Pleasing Incidents.

After being delayed for a week, the Olenda finally reached Bermuda with the Eastern P. O. and his wife on board. They were accorded a hearty welcome as they stepped ashore, the band and soldiers mustering in force to greet them.

The hall had been nicely decorated with chains of green leaves, Easter lilies and a large welcome banner, and a lively meeting was soon in full swing.

A full house greeted our leaders at night, and after several testimonies the Brigadier read from God's Word, and we rejoiced to see ten seeking the Lord.

On Monday afternoon the Brigadier gave a very interesting object lesson to the children, and the way they opened their big eyes and smiled their best smiles made the special visitors feel quite at home. At night a special lecture was given in the Mechanics' Hall, which was filled for the occasion. A Jacob ladder service was well performed by the children, and the band rendered a good selection. Brig. and Mrs. Turner were introduced to the crowd and received hearty applause.

A great Field Day was held on Tuesday, during which two open-air services were conducted. Refreshments and music figured largely in the programme and at night a first-class concert was given by the string band of St. George's.

A successful time was spent at Somerset on Wednesday, where Ensign Green and Capt. Kenny had everything well arranged. The following day the Hamilton Band came over, and a musical treat, with ice cream at the close, was given. The week-end was spent at St. George's, where Capt. Jaynes and Lieut. Day have lately been appointed. A large arch of Easter lilies had been made by Bro. Jennings, and was quite an attraction. One soul sought pardon at knee drill. In the forenoon a Chinaman called at the Quarters for his weekly lesson, and was introduced to Brigadier and Mrs. Turner.

A large and attentive crowd was present at night, and many sought the Saviour.

Monday was spent at Southampton, where Ensign McEachern is in charge. The band and soldiers from Hamilton took part, and an excellent time resulted. The Methodist Church was kindly loaned by the Rev. Mr. Genge for the Tuesday night's meeting. The wind-up of the campaign took place at Hamilton, and quite a number spoke of the blessings received.

Treas. Whitman, or Harbor Grace, Nfld. (Mrs. Trickey's father), expressed himself as delighted with all he had seen and heard in our lovely islands.

After a well-fought prayer meeting, in which a couple came seeking the Lord, the band struck up "God be with you till we meet again," and we all fervently breathed a prayer that our special visitors would have a safe journey homeward.

N. R. TRICKEY.

The Undertaker's Conversion.

He Suffered for Convenience Sake, but God Abundantly Rewarded Him.

About fourteen years ago I was engaged in a furniture and undertaking business, and about that time was brought under deep conviction of sin by the Holy Ghost. I had attended no meetings of any kind, and did not go to church at all, and for a while I did not know what was the matter with me. I thought I was sick, and consulted a doctor, but he was as puzzled as myself. Many times when preparing a casket for someone who had died suddenly the conviction that I was unprepared for death myself would so take hold of me that I would be forced to quit work. I could not eat or sleep, and God's Spirit was prompting me all the time to pray. The enemy of my soul would say, however: "What is the use of a sinner like you praying? God won't hear you." And I would then try to drown my feelings with liquor.

One Saturday, whilst meditating over the past, I resolved to go to my room

and pray. I had counted the cost of being a Christian, and knew it meant coming out from the world and separating myself from my old companions, but I was so miserable that I was willing to do anything if I could only obtain peace.

The moment I promised God that if He would help me I would live a better life, peace came to my soul, and I had a good night's sleep, something that I had not enjoyed for weeks before. When I awoke on Sunday morning, as truly as Christ arose from the dead, I arose to walk in the newness of "Life," a new creature in Christ Jesus, my burden was gone, and I had peace and joy in my soul. A few days later a minister called and invited me to church, and I agreed to go, for truly I had a desire in my heart to go to the house of God. Next Sunday I got ready to go to church, as I supposed, but before starting I knelt and asked God to lead me where I should go. I had to pass the S. A. barracks on my way to church, and when I reached there they were singing, and the spirit in it seemed to catch the new spirit that God had put in me, and before I knew it I found myself inside the hall.

When an opportunity was given me to acknowledge Christ, I did so and was greatly blessed. I thought the Army just the place for me to serve God, but my employer, who was a very proud man, gave me to understand that I would leave the Army or him. I had a good, steady job, with good pay, and I did not like to leave. However, I prayed about it and decided to stick to the Army and leave the results with God. My employer discharged me, but I noticed from that time that his business began to fail, until a few years later he lost his mind and died in the asylum.

In the meantime I started business for myself. God honored and helped me for being true to the Army, and to day we have a nice business, consisting of furniture, carpets and undertaking.

I have seven children, all juniors. The eldest and myself play in the band. My wife is the Treasurer of the Juniors and I of the Seniors.—Treas. J. A. Consaul, Belleville, Ont.

First the Husband and Then the Wife.

"I started to drink at the age of thirteen." This was what a man said, as he was giving his testimony at the Salvation Army penitentiary form, at St. Catharines.

Just before Christmas, he was worse than he usually was, and one night he went home drunk and started to break up the chairs. Then he had a go at the stove, but found it a hard nut to crack.

The next night he felt somewhat ashamed of himself. He had often been on the spree, and it always ended in his waking up to feel depressed and miserable. Then he had to try and stifle his conscience by another drinking carouse.

On this particular night however, as he passed by the Army Barracks, the sound of singing attracted him. A sudden impulse came over him to go inside and see the people who were enjoying themselves so much. It was the first Army meeting he had ever attended.

A watcher for souls pounced on him in the prayer meeting, and so convinced him that Christ was able to save the worst, that he made his way to the penitentiary form while they were singing the Doxology. He got saved that night.

When he went home he found his wife crying. She expected him to come in drunk as usual, and wondered what he would start to smash next. She was agreeably surprised, however, and the next Saturday night she accompanied her saved and sobered husband to the Army meeting, where she, too, gave her heart to God.

They are both going on well, and have promised to become soldiers. On Sundays, the ex-drunkard visits the jail and deals with some of his old chums about their souls.

A Social Worker.

Revisits the Scenes of Former Labors.

An old Canadian warrior called in to see us the other day, in the person of Staff-Captain Body. It is 17 years since he left Canada to take an appointment in the social work in England, but he still retains affectionate remembrances of his old fighting grounds. The scenes of his former labors were at Hamilton, Moncton and Barrie, at which places he was D. O. in days gone by.

It was fitting, therefore, that he should pay Barrie a visit whilst he was so near to it as Toronto, and accordingly he went up there for a week-end visit. He speaks well of the town and corps, and thinks it is improving.

The Staff Captain came over to this country on the "Lake Erie," in charge of a party of 200 immigrants. On the way out he was kept busy looking after the people under his care, fixing them up in their proper places, cheering them up when they were sick, giving them sound advice, and supplying them with Army literature.

His knowledge of Canada and his association with the social work stood him in good stead on this occasion.

On board the boat was a Church of England clergyman, who gave the passengers a lecture on Canada one afternoon. The Staff Captain says he was a good, all-round fellow, who could preach a sermon, give a lecture, plough a field or saw wood, just as the occasion demanded. Five Salvation meetings were also held in the third-class passengers' part of the boat. They were usually attended by three or four hundred people, and great interest was taken in them. Capt. Keary, the officer in charge of the "Lake Erie," and his officers, were very kind, as were all the ship's company.

The Staff Captain expresses his admiration for the smart, businesslike way in which our emigration officers deal with the people who come here. They are disposed of in a very short space of time, and sent to their different destinations, all sure of employment. None are sent to a place unless they first signify their willingness to accept the job secured for them.

As regards the Salvation Army over here, the Staff Captain thinks we are in first-class trim, and that there is every prospect before us of getting a real hold of the affections of the Canadian people.

On every hand he has met with a most cordial reception, and is delighted to observe how very friendly everyone is towards the Army. He was pleased to renew his acquaintance with many of the officers whom he had known in former days, and very much appreciated the right down hearty welcome they gave him to the Dominion.

The Staff Captain went back to England on May 3rd, on the Empress of Britain, well pleased with his trip to Canada. We trust the return journey will prove beneficial to his health, for chiefly on that account he came out. He is stationed at Birmingham.

SINGING FOR SOULS.

While the songsters of Riverdale were out singing in the streets one night in the interests of self-denial, a downpour of rain came on and they were forced to seek shelter in a wide doorway. Whilst standing there a lady came out and asked them if they would come to her house and sing for her.

They consented to do so, and as a result the son of the lady, for whom she had been praying a long time, gave his heart to God. They went home rejoicing at their success, and praising God for a seeming defeat turned into a glorious victory.

We are having good times at Port Arthur, and souls are getting saved. After a hard fight on Sunday, two souls came forward and made a complete surrender. Another one came out on Monday night.—Corps Correspondent.

WRECKS: THEIR CAUSES, AND THE EFFORTS PUT FORTH TO SAVE LIFE.

DURING the past few months a most extraordinary number of shipping disasters have occurred in all parts of the world, and each month has witnessed fresh and appalling calamities. The causes of these disasters have been as varied as the types of vessels that have met with them, and in many cases great loss of life has added to the horrors of the calamity.

The collision of the "Larchmont" and the frightful death roll is still fresh in our memories, while the terrific explosion on the French battleship "Jena" at Toulon, sent a thrill of horror through the world.

We remember also the sudden destruction that befel the passengers on the ill-

braziers which most Japanese houses use. But in some houses firewood was burned throughout Sunday night, and the attention thus shown was greatly appreciated. By Monday morning the officials of the local government offices appeared, and they did their utmost to ameliorate the disagreeable conditions. A quantity of fresh beef and tinned meat and a number of blankets were distributed among the passengers and crew.

Cargoes Shifting.

Another cause of vessels being wrecked is on account of their cargoes shifting in a heavy sea. This makes the vessels unmanageable to a great extent, and starts them leaking. At such times the crew must keep constantly pumping till

swamped and the two men drowned. The seas were now breaking over the schooner's entire length, and the remaining thirteen men of the crew were driven to the fore rigging. The vessel was sighted from the beach almost as soon as she struck, and in a few moments a line was successfully shot over the fore-stay, the breeches buoy rigged and the thirteen men saved. The vessel and cargo were a total loss, and she broke up in a few hours.

Salving Life and Cargo.

The saving of lives and the salvage of vessels and their cargoes is now an organized work, under Government control, in every Christianized country.

Probably no location on either the Atlantic or Pacific coasts has had so large a number of vessels stranded on its beach as the long stretch of white sand known as Cape Cod, which reaches out into the ocean from Eastern Massachusetts, and

To Our Readers.

In this issue appears the last instalment of "The Sketches of London Life." That the material is not exhausted goes without saying, and we have also a number of sketches which will appear at intervals. We are also very happy to say that there is plenty of evidence to show the interest of our readers has not waned. The following letter is a very practical expression of interest:—

"Dear Sir,—Would you kindly forward the enclosed \$5 to the officer in charge at Wapping, England, for the benefit of the old lady in Red Lion street, mentioned in the War Cry of April 13th; and if she has crossed over, then to some other one shut in. One request I would like to make—it is that the officer would buy her a nice geranium in full bloom; and tell her a backwoodsman in Canada hopes it will give her pleasure.—Yours respectfully, A Backwoodsman."

God bless the writer of that letter. The five dollars have been duly sent to Mrs. Booth, in London, who will see to it that the writer's wishes are carried out.

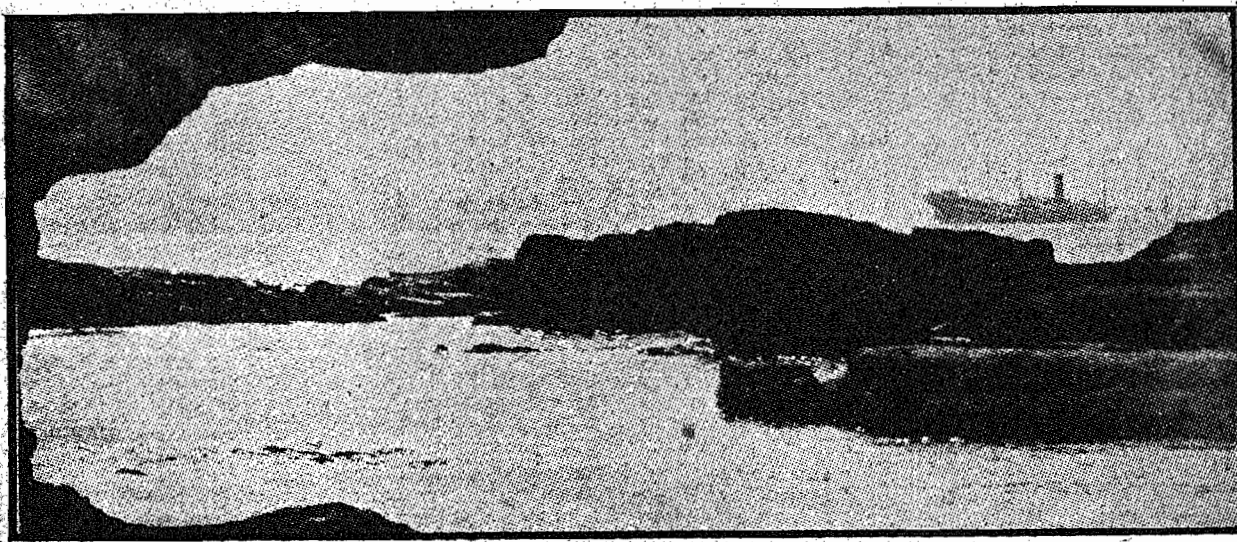
We have got away from what we were to write, which is this:—"The Sketches of London Life" are being discontinued because next week we shall publish the first instalment of our new serial story, written by Mrs. Blanche Johnston, for the Canadian Cry. We have read a great deal of Mrs. Johnston's work, but none that gave us more satisfaction than the serial story we have secured for our readers. We congratulate them. Some particulars concerning the new serial will be found elsewhere.

The following letter was written in a feeble hand, for the writer, so a postscript stated, had just risen from a sick bed. We want to tell that friend how much we value his thoughtful kindness. The dear Officers mentioned will also be glad to know that there are comrades who think of them:—

"Dear Sir,—I have just finished reading the Easter War Cry, from page one to twenty-four, and after examining the whole artistic picture gallery, I thought that you did deserve a word of encouragement. I have kept pretty well in touch with the War Cry since it first came out as a little leaflet in 1883, and I have noted its steady improvement through the different able editors who have been connected therewith. The present number caps them all. I could not begin to give a synopsis of its contents as it would be too tedious for you, but there are names mentioned and faces there that bring up pleasant recollections. 'Incidents of my Life,' by the General, is beautiful; also 'Easter Thoughts' by Mrs. Blanche Johnston. Then, too, there are the pleasant familiar faces of the musical Major Morris, of Headquarters, and the fighting Adj. Hayes from beyond the Rocky Mountains, whose acquaintance I made in the city of Vancouver about fifteen years ago, and which brings back sweet memories of Christian fellowship.

Trusting that God will bless and use you more in your upward journey and labor of love.—Eli Higgins.

Commissioner and Mrs. McKie recently held a series of special meetings for the young people of Melbourne. A timely and seasonable address was given by Mrs. McKie on the sin of Sabbath-breaking and disobedience to parents; and in the prayer meeting over one hundred knelt at the penitent form.



The Wrecked "Dakota" (Twin Ship of the "Minnesota") which went Ashore at the Entrance to Tokio.—Thank God for the Safe Passage of our General to that Port.

fated "Berlin," which was cast ashore by a violent gale off the Hook of Holland. We also recall the heroism which was called forth by these occurrences, and though we mourn the disasters, we cannot but rejoice at the bravery and fortitude displayed both by the rescuers and the sufferers.

Other wrecks have occurred in which we are glad to say no lives were lost; notably was this the case in the grounding of the "Suevic" and the "Jebba" off the English coast, and that of the "Dakota" off Japan.

No Jar Nor Jolt.

The "Dakota" was the sister ship to the "Minnesota," in which latter our General journeyed to the Land of the Rising Sun. Had he chosen the other vessel, he would no doubt have had the experience of being shipwrecked. The account of the disaster is as follows. As will be seen, it was one of the calmest sort of shipwrecks yet reported:

The vessel struck at five o'clock in the afternoon. There was no jar or jolt, and the concussion was so slight that no one was thrown down. The noise continued for a short time, accompanied by a sensation of sliding, and then the ship stopped, though the propellers continued working. There was now a slight list on the ship, but otherwise the decks were practically level. All the passengers remained on deck discussing the situation. No alarm was manifested and nothing was done for fully ten minutes. Some naval officers on board assured the passengers that there was no immediate danger, and when some minutes later the officers of the ship advised them to pack up as much luggage as they could carry preparatory to going ashore, the passengers proceeded to their cabins and performed the work without excitement. When they returned on deck the position of affairs had altered somewhat, the bows of the ship being now entirely submerged. The work of flinging the boats was carried out with great order and with a remarkable absence of hurry or rush. In half an hour or so all the passengers had left the ship. The passengers and crew found shelter in a few Buddhist temples, *yadoya*, and fishermen's houses in the hamlets which lie scattered about this bleak extremity of Awa peninsula. Food was very scarce with the exception of boiled rice and some dried fish, while fresh vegetables were quite unobtainable. As for fires to warm their benumbed bodies, the only thing the villagers could do in that direction was to light the small charcoal

exhausted or the water in the hold gains on them too fast. Then the captain beaches the vessel. Under such conditions the British schooner "Lily" was put ashore by her captain fifteen miles east of Cape Cod light. The patrol of the Nauset Life Saving Station saw the signals of distress at daylight, and the crew immediately tried to launch the lifeboat. It was found impossible to do so, however, and a short time afterward the captain of the schooner hoisted sail and beached his vessel about two and a quarter miles south of the Nauset Station, and the crew left the vessel and reached the shore safely in their own boat.

In a Blinding Snow Storm.

Sometimes a vessel may get ashore owing to a heavy fog or a blinding snowstorm, making it impossible to tell their bearings. A case of this sort was the Gloucester fisherman Elsie M. Smith. The vessel had made a successful trip to the Banks, and was loaded with a full fare of fish homeward bound, when within a day's run of home she was wrecked. Proceeding under shortened sail in a north-east gale and driving snowstorm, for two days the crew had not seen the sun, and it was impossible for them to tell where they were. With hardly a moment's warning, the little vessel struck the beach two miles south of the Orleans Life Saving Station and on the instant commenced to break up. They attempted to launch one of their small fishing boats, but when two of the crew had dropped into her, she was forced away from the side of the vessel by a heavy sea which parted the painters, and being unmanageable, the boat was

it is due to the efficient life saving service instituted by the Government that so many lives are saved.

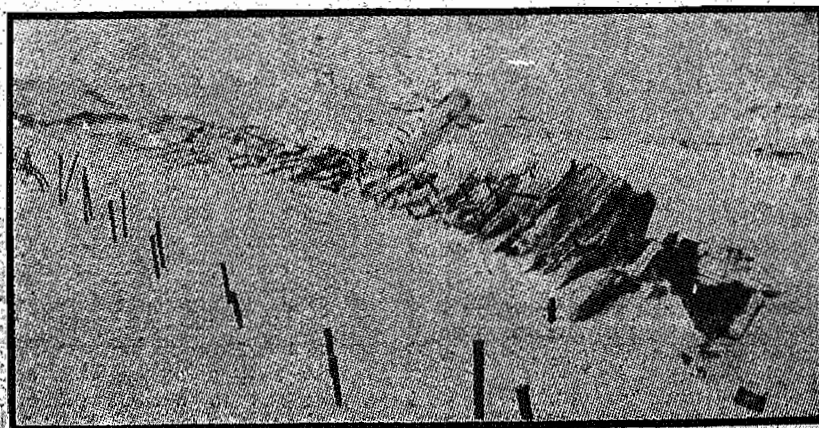
Every few miles along the beach the Government has life saving stations and a crew on duty at each of them ten months in the year. These stations are connected by telephone, and also with the house of the district superintendent. A local physician is appointed for each district, and all bodies that come ashore must be inspected by him before interment.

Few people realize the judgment and courage shown by the captains and crews of these stations, or the hardships endured in patrolling the beach during the cold and bitter winter storms. They lead a lonely life, the salary is small and the danger great.

All praise to the gallant souls whose lives are devoted to the saving of men who go down to the sea in ships.

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston reports that he has just returned to Salisbury from a visit to the new Settlement at Chierapanange, Mashonaland. While journeying thither he experienced awful weather and found the rivers all in flood. For a whole week he was wetted to the skin every day.

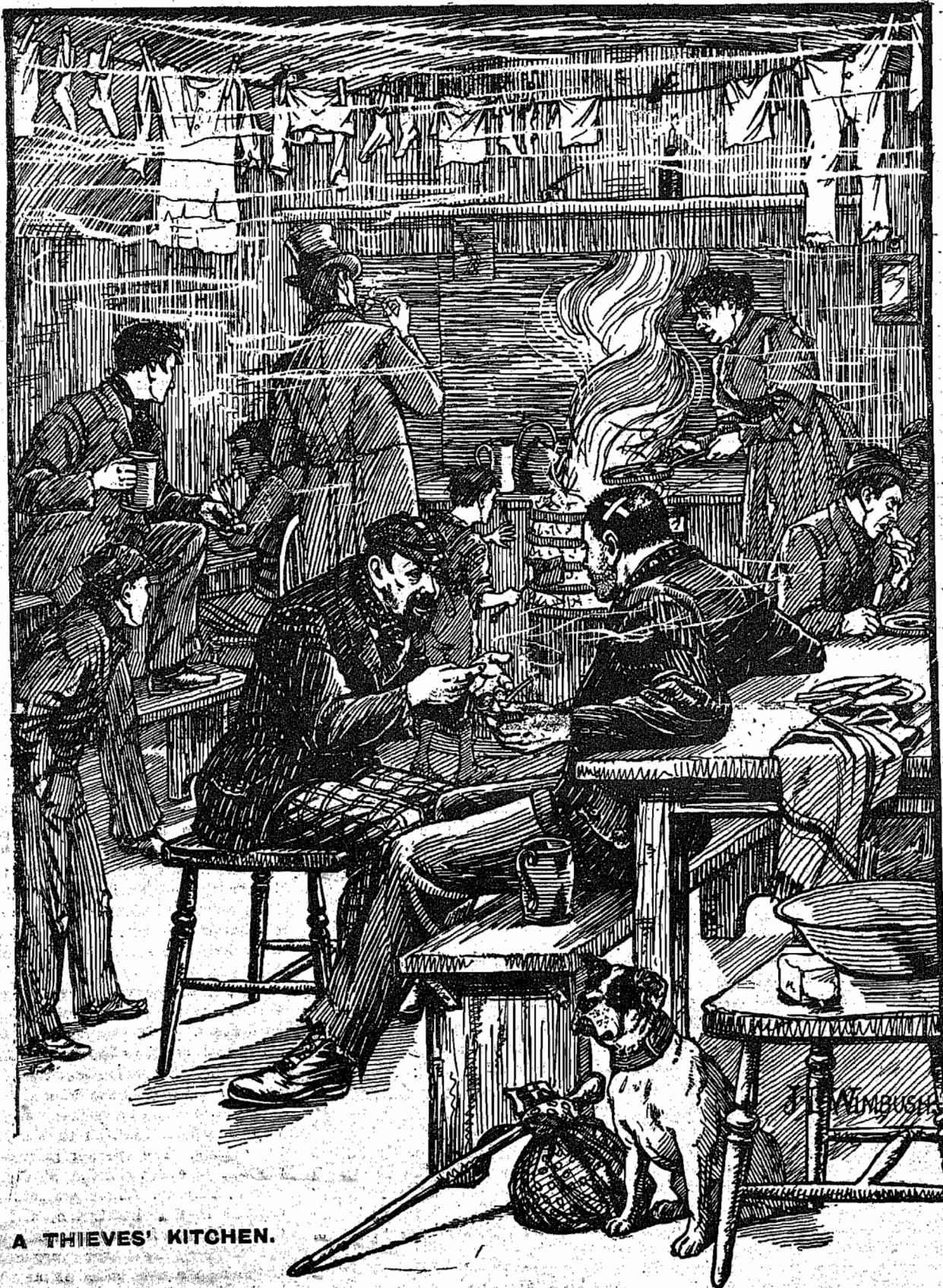
He found things at the Settlement to be promising. Many converts have been made and a large number of natives have been enrolled as adherents.



The Last Scene of All.

Sketches of London Life. No. 14.

HOW THIEVES ARE TRAINED.



A THIEVES' KITCHEN.

THE latest published criminal statistics of England and Wales show that in one year 2,367 children under twelve, and over six thousand children under sixteen were convicted of offences against the law, the offence in nearly all cases being that of larceny—theft.

The total number of years to be spent in jails and reformatories, by these youthful offenders, amounts to nearly twelve thousand years.

It is evident from the foregoing that we have plenty of juvenile thieves in our midst. The crime lists also reveal the fact that many of these young thieves were pickpockets, till-snatchers and housebreakers.

From the statistics referred to, we learn that over a thousand persons were convicted of being receivers of stolen property.

Every now and again the daily Press reports the raiding of premises occupied by some receiver of stolen goods, and from the descriptions published, it is evident there are still many who follow the occupation of Fagin, the "fence."

Thief-Trainers.

It is not comforting to know that there are men whose sole occupation in life is to entice young lads into the practices of dishonesty; and no horse-dealer examines with greater care the teeth of the horse he proposes buying, than does the thief-trainer the hands of the lad he has fixed his evil eyes upon. Should the lad's fingers be long and lithe, the thief-trainer ingratiate himself, by means of drinks and gifts, into his good will.

He then uses all the vile arts of persuasion he possesses to incite the lad into committing some breach of

the law. This being done, the rest is easy; for the knowledge that his "chum" can hand him over to the police at any time makes the lad as yielding to the evil designs of the trainer, as clay in the hands of the potter.

We propose showing the training process to which the hapless juvenile is subjected, by a few of the biographical facts of one of the converted thieves now in our Prison-Gate Home; but before doing so, we give the following particulars of a "thieves' kitchen," supplied us by the artist who has drawn the spirited picture on this page:

"I had accompanied the doctor to a low lodging house in the neighborhood of Ratcliffe Highway, who, after he had attended the patient he had come to see, was asked to visit another sick man. We were conducted through a dark, sloping, tunnel-like passage,

into a place under the cellar. No daylight could penetrate into the den, and there was no ventilation except that afforded by the chimney. A coke fire burned in the grate and a feeble light was shed by candles stuck in bottles. The general appearance of the room is represented in the sketch."

A Den in Seven Dials.

The ex-housebreaker had been taken in hand at the age of fourteen by a man who kept an establishment for the training of thieves, in Seven Dials.

This establishment was situated in a mean street, and the training took place in a long room, which it was impossible to reach without first going through other rooms and passages, thus, secure from a sudden dash of the police, the evil work was briskly carried on, and in one case at least, a fully-developed criminal was evolved.

The persons connected with this place were the leader, two expert burglars, and five youths from twelve to seventeen, the latter being more or less proficient in the art of breaking the Eighth Commandment without detection, in proportion to their length of training.

The specialties of this school were pocket-picking, "parlor-jumping" and "till-nicking."

To abstract a purse from a lady's dress pocket, or a "wipe" (silk handkerchief) from the coat-tails of a "toff" without their being aware of the fact, necessitates a light touch and swift motions; and infinite pains were taken by both teacher and taught, to promote dexterity.

How It Is Done.

At times the "principal," attired as a "toff," paraded to and fro the room, the boys being taught to walk in step with him, eye him all over without seeming to do so, and, at the precise moment, whisk his handkerchief from his coat, snatch his watch from his fob, or his purse from his pocket, pass the article to a confederate, or slip it into a pocket concealed in his sleeve, and assume an expression of cherubic innocence.

In actual practice the proper moment is a long time coming, and the victim is accompanied in bus or tram until the coveted article is correctly located on his person, and a favorable moment arrives for its abstraction.

At other times, the trainer would don up-to-date feminine attire, and stand gazing with pretended admiration into an imaginary shop-window. The thief-in-making would stand by his side, evidently absorbed in the same display of goods, but really, with light and nimble fingers would be gradually working up the purse to the pocket opening till it could be gripped by two trained fingers, the pocket then being allowed to drop into its customary position, quietly, so as not alarm the "lady."

Another form of pocket-picking, known as "touching on the fly," is as follows: The lady is walking. She is, therefore, preceded by a confederate, who keeps a sharp look-out for the police, while the thief walks softly and closely behind the lady, and when, by the motions of walking, the opening of the pocket is disclosed his hand is adroitly thrust in, and the purse taken. A moment later the thief is on the other side of the street, walking briskly in another direction.

The practice in vogue by dress-makers of putting the pockets behind is a great temptation to pocket-picking.

"Till-Nicking."

"Till-nicking" means the robbing of shop tills. The boys were taught to hang around shop-doors until some customer entered, when the tinkling bell would at once locate the position of the bell on the door. Then, when the customer had left the shop and the shop-keeper had retired to his snug back-parlor, the thief would cautiously open the shop door, seize the tongue of the bell to prevent its ringing, and having carefully shut the door, would sneak to the tills, empty all the bowls, and then creep out as slyly as he entered.

"Parlor-jumping" necessitates the art of being able to open windows silently and swiftly, or to effect other entries into gentlemen's houses. Numbers of small boys are used in this connection to effect an entrance for fully grown burglars.

One method taught at the establishment in question was to hide in some spot—often an out-house or coal-shed—from which a view of the kitchen could be obtained. Here the thief would wait until a servant who might be employed in washing silver would either leave the kitchen in answer to the summons of her mistress, or else would reveal to the watching thief where abouts the silver and other valuables were kept. Should the maid be thoughtless enough to leave the silver unprotected while she responded to the summons of a bell, the thief would silently open the window, enter, and decamp with all the valuables he could lay his hands upon.

In the foregoing and many other ways were these lads taught to steal and prey upon society.

Our ex-thief was first "lagged" for robbing a shop till.

"Lagged."

Many a "lagging" did he get afterward, for his sentences amount in the aggregate to forty-four years. He was a convict in Western Australia when Dad Sloss was there, and at the present time is out on license.

An old man sixty-four years of age, out of which span of life he has only enjoyed liberty for twenty-five years at the outside. After he became known to the police, he was arrested so frequently that during the course of forty years, two consecutive years has been the longest period of freedom he has had at any one time.

After becoming an expert thief, he left the Seven Dials and started out "on his own." He made a specialty of burglary.

It was his practice to find out the name of the carpenter who was regularly employed at certain establishments. Provided with a note-book and pen and ink he would call at these houses and say that he had been instructed to call and see to the windows. Accompanied by a servant, he would make a round of inspection, carefully noting if any jewelry lay on the tables. Should jewelry in sufficient quantity to make a haul, lie about in any room, he would despatch the servant for a pair of steps. While she was gone the jewelry would be commandeered, and, like the "slim" De Wet, he would "get safely away." He did not always elude pursuit. On one occasion he entered a house in this manner, and while the lady was out of the room ordering something he required, he pocketed a gold watch with a long gold chain. He was about to leave the room, when the lady returned, and spying the end of the gold chain dangling out of his pocket, asked what it meant. To quieten the lady, he thrust the watch and chain into her hands and bolted.

The lady, however, was not disposed

Our New Serial Story.

"The Romance of Jack and Jill": A Typical Canadian Tale.

THE EDITOR'S FOREWORD.



WE have pleasure in announcing that our next issue will contain the first instalment of our new serial story written by Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

The literary work of this comrade is so well known to the readers of the War Cry that a description of her style is not necessary. We want to say, however, that good as Mrs. Johnston's work has been in the past, it has never reached a higher level than in this story with the title, "The Romance of Jack and Jill": A Typical Canadian Tale.

Life in Canada has many picturesque phases. In Spring the tapping of the maple trees in the sugar bush; in Winter the felling of the forest giants in the lumber camps; in Summer the river-driving of the logs, and farm life; the clinging memories of the red man, and the pioneer days of the settlers all form sides of human life which are exceedingly picturesque and interesting. Shortly after our arrival in Canada we mentally resolved to write, or have written, a story which should embody a description of these aspects of national existence. We conferred with Mrs. Johnston upon the project, whose literary instincts readily grasped the possibilities of such a scheme, and who very kindly undertook to write the story. We do not know anyone better equipped for the task. Mrs. Johnston has the touch of a literary artist; she is steeped in Canadian life and literature, and she is a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist, what further is required?

The Salvationist writer is hemmed in by regions of truth, not that he or she deplors this fact, as in the Salvation Army there is abundant evidence to prove the truth of the saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction," nevertheless such truthful examples of romance in real life as are necessary to form the basis of a good story are not always available when needed, but Mrs. Johnston is to be congratulated on her materials, which, while absolutely true in substance, are sufficiently romantic to satisfy the most ardent sensationalist.

The scheme of the story is a study of two lives—first the boy and girl, then the woman and man. By a set of circumstances the hero and heroine find themselves in conditions of life that give fine opportunity for some effective descriptive writing concerning Canadian customs and rural life. The Salvation Army, early in the story, comes into the scheme of things, and there is some very interesting writing concerning the Salvation Army, the whole concluding with the orthodox love, courtship and marriage.

The tale is a touching and tender love story, showing the vicissitudes of life, the consequences of evil doing, and the regenerating power of God's grace. It is vivid with local color, and reeks of the maple leaf throughout.

All who like a good story will enjoy this one. It begins next week and is entitled, "the Romance of Jack and Jill": A typical Canadian tale. Look out for it, and get a copy to send to your friend.

to let him off lightly, and her screams of "stop thief!" created a hot pursuit. He was surrounded, and marched to the police station.

While waiting his trial, no fewer than twelve persons identified him as the "carpenter" who stole their goods. He got ten years penal servitude.

There is something pathetic in the circumstances connected with his coming into the Prison Gate Home. He had been discharged a month; the little money he had on leaving prison was almost gone. He wanted to get work; but, being a ticket-of-leave man, it was exceedingly difficult to do so. He wanted to "turn the game up." So he went to a magistrate to whom he was known to see if the magistrate could not do anything for him. Our ex-thief was met by an inspector of police, who also knew him. The thief told the inspector of his intentions, whereupon the inspector advised him to go to the Salvation Army Home, in Argyle Square, telling him that he knew of a large number of criminals whom the Salvation Army had put in the way of earning an honest living.

The ticket-of-leave acted on the advice given. He knocked at the door

of No. 30 Argyle Square. Dad Sloss opened the door. The two men stared at each other—"What, the dook?" cried our thief (Dad Sloss was known in criminal circles as the "Dook of Portland.")

"Kangaroo?" cried Dad Sloss (Kangaroo was the nickname of this man, given him in Australia).

They had been on the same convict station in Western Australia, besides having worked one or two little matters together.

Dad Sloss gave him a hearty welcome into the Home, where another surprise was in store for him.

"What cheer, 'Kangaroo?'" cried another voice that seemed familiar. "Kangaroo" eyed the speaker up and down. At length a light broke in upon him—"Why, it's never you, Curly, is it?"

"Curly" it was, otherwise known as Jack Smith, another old pal.

What a trio of criminals these men were! Dad Sloss had spent forty years in prison. What his sentences actually amounted to is unknown. He had in addition, received four hundred lashes with the cat-o-nine tails; "Kangaroo's" sentences, as we have

already said, amounted to forty-four years; Jack Smith had spent twenty-two years of his life in prison.

Each of these three men commenced his career in their boyhood.

Dad Sloss and Jack Smith are now in Glory. The other is saved, living an honest life, and working with the Social Wing of the Salvation Army.

The Prison Secretary in Kingston.

Life Within Prison Walls.

Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Pugmire paid a visit to the old City of Kingston recently, where they received a most hearty and affectionate welcome.

Referring to their visit, the Kingston News says:—"Last evening Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Pugmire, of the Salvation Army, paid a visit to the local corps, and the former gave an address of a highly interesting and instructive nature on "Life within Prison Walls."

During the last few years the Salvation Army has been doing a work which commends itself to all who are interested in the uplifting of those who have left the straight path of virtue and have come under the eye of the law. Lieut-Colonel Pugmire is one of those officers who are detailed to visit the penitentiaries, prisons and jails, and to give the convict a hearty handshake, and make him feel that the world is not all against him. Yesterday afternoon Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Pugmire, and Adjutant Sims, of the local corps, spent in the penitentiary, entertaining some 20 prisoners whose time will be out within the next month. No convict need go back to crime because he cannot get work. The Salvation Army undertakes to get him employment. They will give him employment where he is not known, and where the stigma connected with a penitentiary term will no longer be attached to his name. A special effort is made to reclaim those who have been convicted for the first time. Either the officer in charge of the local corps or his lieutenant meets each discharged prisoner, and offers to look after him and secure a situation for him. In this way some 700 people were put in the way of earning for themselves an honest living and a good name.

So much are the efforts of the Army appreciated in Toronto that the police court officer co-operates with the Salvation Army, and turns many of those who are up for the first time over to the officers. The speaker referred to the cell to cell visitation at Central Prison, Toronto. There are some 400 inmates in that institution, and the officers have a face to face talk with each of these at least once every month. If the man can be aided in any way, he is given the desired help, but is not given money. The employers who have trusted these discharged prisoners have applied for more. Many thrilling experiences of convicts were given by Lieut-Colonel Pugmire, who also spoke on the parole system.

Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Pugmire greatly contributed to the musical part of the programme by their vocal selections.

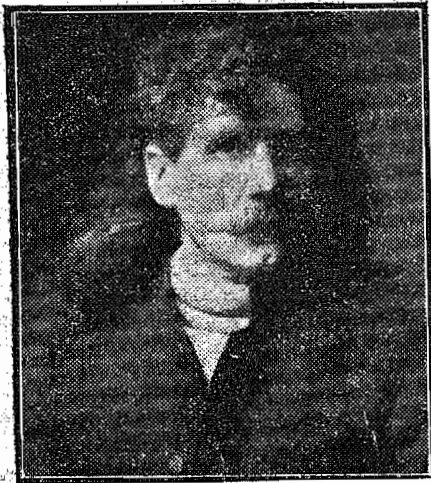
A Madrid despatch says the recent meeting between the Kings of Britain and Spain has resulted in what is now called among diplomats an "entente cordiale," but which a century ago would have been called an alliance.

Twelve women are to be added to the police force of Ghent. They will be spinsters of between forty and fifty, or widows, and will not wear any distinctive attire. Their work will be of the detective order.

"HAPPY JIM."

Holds a Toronto Audience Spell-bound with the Graphic Story of His Life and Conversion.

The announcement that "Happy Jim Miller" would be at the Temple on Monday night sufficed to draw a crowd there, and the Jubilee Hall was filled up with a somewhat curious audience as Jim "rose to address the meeting," to use a stereotyped phrase. He has a unique way with him, which moves people whether they want to be moved or not, and very



soon had the people's earnest attention. They laughed at his sallies, they were hushed into awe at his graphic descriptions of some momentous crises in his life, and they were convinced that sin was a very terrible thing and not to be trifled with.

The story of Jim's terrible career was thrilling, to say the least. A drunken miner and broncho-breaker, a typical Western desperado, brought up with no more education than a savage, he stands to-day a wonderful monument to the converting grace of God. In his drunken spree he acquired a habit of smashing stoves, and in the short space of two years nine new stoves were required to keep his house warm.

An astonishing change has taken place in Jim now, however, and he holds his audience spell-bound as he relates the story of his conversion to them. Those who had smiled at his appearance, those who had enjoyed his witticisms, and the gay, frivolous worldlings who had come there to pass an hour away, suddenly grew thoughtful and serious as the rough old frontiersman ran from one side to the other with his long hair flying behind him, and told in simple, yet powerful and dramatic language of how the Spirit of the Lord had come upon him in a Salvation Army Meeting one night, whither he had gone, crazed with drink and resolved to murder an enemy who was there. Amid a breathless silence, the strange looking preacher related with rugged eloquence how he had gone from the meeting that night, and kneeling by the bed-side of his wife, had desired her to read him something from the Old Book. She read the story of the poor woman who touched the hem of the Master's garment and was made whole. Then the light streamed into poor Jim's darkened soul, and the sins of years were blotted out as he breathed his first prayer to Heaven for forgiveness.

It was a weird, fascinating story, a strange tale of awful sin, genuine repentance, and a full pardon, but it somehow impressed the people greatly that it was genuine, and that Jim knew quite well what he was talking about, though he didn't know "B from a Bull's foot" as the saying is. The happiness, freedom and joy of Jim's religion had taken hold of the crowd at first, now the intense earnestness of the man riveted their attention and compelled them to think of their own sins.

As the prayer-meeting continued, they crept out of the hall, one by one. A deep conviction had laid hold of their hearts; tears were in many eyes, but they sought to escape from the influence of the hour, to hide their emotions and stifle their convictions. Truly it can well be said of this generation, "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost."

Some few there were, however, who stayed to pray, and two knelt at the penitent form.

We cannot estimate, however, the eternal results of such a meeting, or know exactly what decisions were arrived at in the light of the revelation that came to many that night. We can pass on to our readers, however, the assurance, that what God has done for Jim Miller, He is able to do for them, and entitle them also to prefix "Happy" before their name. —S. A. Church.

Promoted to Glory.

BRO. FRY OF PETERBORO.

This week we have laid to rest, the body of our loved comrade, Bro. Fry. He came from Chelsea I., England, about two years ago. Whilst here, he has proved himself truly a man of God. An impressive funeral service was conducted, also a memorial service on Sunday night.

Sister Mrs. Fry was wonderfully sustained, and in an impressive and impassioned address, she urged the people to be ready when death came. Three souls sought the Saviour.—H. Blake, for Adj. Wiggins.

BRO. CHAPPELL OF HUNTSVILLE.

The Chariot has again lowered at Huntsville and taken Bro. Chappell from us. He was injured some time ago by a number of logs rolling over him, and ten days later he succumbed to his injuries. He was a faithful soldier and always had a bright hope of meeting Jesus and the loved-ones gone before. His last words were to the effect, that though suffering in body, he was well in his soul.

The bereaved ones have our prayers and sympathy. May God comfort them in their hours of sorrow. The Memorial Service was held on Sunday afternoon, April 21st, and many were deeply convicted.—Sympathizer.

MRS. NOREMORE OF NEWTOWN, Nfld.

I'm Going Home to Jesus.

Our dear sister has passed from time into eternity. The Sunday before her death we met at her house and had a service. Her great wish was to see her children saved, and on her dying bed she offered a touching prayer for them. For many months she suffered, but she never murmured. She would say, "A few more pains and all will be over."

Whilst visiting her for the last time she asked me to sing to her, and I sang "Nearer my God to Thee." Looking up to heaven, she said: "The angels are beckoning," and then calling her husband, she said: "I'm going home to Jesus."

On Monday, March 18th, she passed away, on her forty-seventh birthday. She leaves a husband, seven sons and a daughter. May God comfort them in their sorrow.—A Friend.

Some weeks ago a fire broke out in the village of Kattiyaravaram, Telugu County (India), and despite the frantic efforts of the inhabitants to extinguish it, no fewer than sixty houses and much property were totally destroyed.

Eighteen of the houses thus burned to the ground were the homes of Salvationists. The Officers' Quarters in the village was also destroyed, and our comrades lost practically all they possessed.

Help was sent to them without delay, and Lieut. Colonel Yesu Ratnam (Steven's), the Territorial Commander, is endeavouring to obtain Government aid in giving the homeless and destitute villagers a fresh start.

Saving the Indians OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(Continued from page 5)

had felt.

The whites then made signs for a fire to be lighted. The Indians proceeded at once according to their tedious practice of rubbing two sticks together. The strangers laughed and one of them, snatching up a handful of dry grass, struck a spark into a little powder placed under it. Instantly another 'poo,' and a blaze! The Indians died! After this, the new-comers wanted some fish boiled. The Indians, therefore put the fish and some water into one of their square wooden buckets and set some stones in the fire, intending, when they were hot, to cast them into the vessel, and thus boil the food. The whites were not satisfied with this way. One of them fetched a tin kettle out of the boat, put the fish and some water into it, and then, strange to say, set it on the fire. The Indians looked on with astonishment. However, the kettle did not consume and the water did not run into the fire. Then, again, the Indians died!"

Shortly afterwards, a devoted missionary came to the place, and for many years labored amongst them. Concerning him, the Sergt.-Major says, "He was a God-fearing and honest man, and for the first time, we learnt to keep Sunday. I think he stayed three or four years at Simpson, and, though the Indians tried to take his life several times, he kept on, and never thought of going back."

A chief named Paul Legaie then got converted and this had a great effect on his followers. The dog-eating and cannibal feasts began to decrease and the Holy Ghost began to work mightily on the hearts of many, so that they gave up their wicked lives and became Christians.

III.—The Spread of Salvation.

It would appear that several Indians went down to Victoria one season, and there they met with the Salvation Army. They got converted, and went back to their people to tell the glad tidings. Soon they asked for officers to be sent to them, and Adj. Thorkildson volunteered to go. He endured great hardships and privations at first, living as one of themselves and sharing their primitive life. The work has wonderfully progressed, however, and though by the nature of things it is slow and difficult, yet we have now nine corps, to which ten outposts are attached. Three Day Schools have also been established, and an Industrial Sawmill is in operation at Glen Vowell.

The following extract from an officer's letter will give our readers some glimpse of what a modern missionary's daily lot is amongst these former savages:

"You may not know what work a man can find to do in a small place like this, and I would like to explain to you, as it might be a help to someone you may send up here. I set the alarm for six in the morning, at which hour I get up, cook my food, and clear things up in the house. I then saw wood until school begins, and keep school till noon. When school is out there are, as a rule, matters of all descriptions waiting for me. No one has been able as yet to get the Indians to observe office hours, and so they are apt to come from six in the morning till twelve at night, and later than that sometimes if there is a light in the house. Owing to this, I am hardly able to get any warm food for dinner. In the afternoon, school again claims my attention, and if I have time

when school is out I have to go at wood-sawing again. The people furnish the wood, but I have to saw it for my own house and for the school, which takes a lot of time. Then I have to settle disputes, translate portions of scripture, write to the doctor explaining the people's sickness, or doctor them myself, if possible, especially when they have no money. In general, I have to take care of them as if they were little children, and then go into the woods measuring their logs, etc. If I have time I cook supper, but there are not many times during the winter that I can have a meal undisturbed. If it is a meeting night they expect me to be there; if not, seeing I am the chairman of the Town Council, nothing can be done in that line without me. What little writing I have to do must be done after that, and what little I am able to do outside I must steal away to do while I am supposed to be resting. That is about the run of it day after day, and of course I am liable to be roused out at any time during the night to see somebody sick or dying, as there is a lot of that up here."

We have already nine officers and five envoys engaged in this work, and they are scattered over the vast district which comprises Alaska and British North Columbia. As regards the officers required for this work, we might say that teachers, and not preachers, are wanted. Consequently, men with education and who can learn the languages are the only ones likely to succeed. Added to this, however, must be a great love for souls and a whole-hearted consecration to the war. If you feel interested in these people and want to help us spread salvation amongst them, will you give yourself as a laborer in Christ's cause? If unable to go yourself, however, will you give of your means to assist others to go? Above all, pray for the progress of God's work amongst the heathen in all lands, for He has said: "Ask of Me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."

London Division.
29 Boomers.

MRS. WARD, London..... 250
Capt. Holden, Sarnia..... 180
Ens. Hancock, Stratford..... 135
Mrs. Capt. Merritt, Woodstock 130
Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Ridgeway..... 115
Mrs. Teft, Chatham..... 100
Adj. Knight, St. Thomas..... 100
Capt. Lamb, Goderich, 75; Lieut. Wales, Goderich, 75; Adj. Newman, Ingersoll, 75; Capt. Maisey, Windsor, 75; Mrs. Adj. Walker, Petrolia, 75; Eva Fuller, Chatham, 70; Capt. Young, Aylmer, 65; Mrs. Hall, Woodstock, 60; Sister Sumner, Stratford, 60; Mrs. Brabaw, Wallaceburg, 60; Elsie Knight, Sarnia, 58; Agnes Broadbent, St. Thomas, 55.

50 Copies.—Capt. Harris, Blenheim; Ensign Jarvis, Chatham; Mrs. Capt. Clinansmith, Essex; C.C. Nettie Laird, Essex; Katie Lamb, Ingersoll; Mrs. Adj. Knight, Sergt. Dixon, Sergt. Mayse, Sergt. McQueen, St. Thomas; Staff-Capt. Goodwin, Windsor.

Farm Lands and Real Estate Advice Bureaux.

Having received enquiries from Salvationists and others concerning Farm Lands (Improved or otherwise) the Commissioner has decided to establish Agencies in connection with our Immigration Department, where we shall be glad to receive correspondence from those desiring to purchase or sell. We hope in this way to give reliable information to our soldiers and friends.

Communications should be sent to Brigadier Howell, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, or to any of the following Immigration Officers: Major Creighton, Rupert Street, Winnipeg, Man., or 439 Harris St., Vancouver, B.C.; Staff-Capt. McGillivray, Clarence St., London, Ont.; Staff-Capt. Creighton, Kingston, Ont.; Staff-Capt. Patterson, 16 Palace Hill, Quebec, P.Q., or 25 University St., Montreal, P.Q.; Adj. Jennings, Box 477, Halifax, N.S., or 253 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.; Adjutant Wakefield, Brandon, Man.

Musical Prize Competitions FOR THE YEAR 1907.

The Chief of the Staff has approved the undernoted arrangements for the Prize Competitions of the present year.

The Competition will be in three classes:—

1.—The best original melody for general congregational use in Salvation Army holiness meetings.

2.—The best original selection for the use of Army bands.

3.—The best original march for the use of Army bands.

The Musical Board of International Headquarters will be the adjudicators, and the cash prizes, accompanied by a certificate of merit, will be as follows:—

For the best Melody, 1st Prize £2 2s.; 2nd Prize £1 1s.

For the best Selection, 1st Prize £4 4s.; 2nd Prize £2 2s.

For the best March, 1st Prize £3 3s.; 2nd Prize £1 1s. 6d.

A Certificate of Merit will also be given to the competitors taking the third place in each class.

The Competitions in all classes will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in all lands, except persons who are officially employed by the Army in composing or editing music.

Melodies must be received in London between June 1st and 30th, 1907.

Selections and Marches must be received in London between July 1st and 15th, except from the colonies or foreign countries. The date for such contributions will be extended to August 1st to 15th, 1907.

Full particulars, together with conditions and form of entry can be obtained from the Territorial Commander.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application, so that they may see exactly what is required before commencing their work.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner, The B. Combs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

5910. COLLINSON, WALLACE. Was 18 years old when he left home. Height 5 ft. 8 in.; light hair, blue eyes, has mole on left cheek. Missing since May 24. Last seen at Gananoque Junction; might be in London, Ont.



5976. WILLIAM KIND. Age 29, height 5ft. 6in. Electrician, worked last with Stovel Co., Winnipeg, Came from Leicestershire. News Wanted.

5897. BEEK, THOS. HENRY. Age 35, dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; last heard of in April, 1904; was then at Soc, Ont. Father enquires.

5898. CONNORS, THOS. A. Age 28; height, 6 ft.; dark hair, brown eyes; missing five years; last heard of in B. C. News wanted.

5899. WELSH, JAMES IRISH. Age 45; height, 5 ft. 3 in.; black hair, dark brown eyes, dark complexion; missing 23 years; has birthmark on forehead; last known address, Marshalltown, U.S.A.

5907. JOHNSON, JOHN. Age 65 or 70; height, 5 ft. 4 in.; ruddy complexion; missing 30 years; last heard of at Madoc, Hastings, Ont.

5908. PROBERT, JAMES WM. Age 37; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, scar under chin; carpenter; news wanted.

Songs for All Meetings.

Salvation.

Tune.—Ere the Sun Goes Down, 226; Song Book, No. 133.

1 You must get your sins forgiven
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;
If you wish to go to Heaven
When the sun, when the sun goes down.
Oh now to God be crying!
For your time is swiftly flying,
In the grave you'll soon be lying,
When the sun goes down.

Chorus.

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,
Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
Ere the sun goes down.

Every chance will soon be past,
When the sun, when the sun goes down,
Even this may be the last,
When the sun, when the sun goes down.

If this offer be rejected,
And salvation still neglected,
Death will come when least expected,
When the sun goes down.

Tune.—Death is Coming, 131; Song Book No. 130.

2 Sinners, whither would you wander?
Whither would you stray?
Oh, remember, life is slender,
'Tis but a short day.

Chorus.

Death is coming, coming, coming,
And the Judgment day:
Hasten, sinner, to the Saviour!
Seek the Narrow Way.

Satan has resolved to have you
For his lawful prey;
Jesus Christ has died to save you—
Haste, oh, haste away!

Listen to the invitation,
While He's crying "come!"
If you miss this great salvation,
Hell will be your doom.

Soon you'll see the Lord descending
On His great white throne,
Saints and sinners all attending
To receive their doom.

Experience.

Tune.—I Am Saved, B.J. 218; Song Book, No. 218.

3 I am saved! I am saved!
Jesus bids me go free,
He has bought with a price
Even me, even me.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
to my Saviour!
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Amen!

Wondrous love! wondrous love!
Now the gift I receive;
I have rest in His Word,
I believe, I believe.

I am cleansed I am cleansed,
I am whiter than snow!
He is mighty to save—
This I know, this I know!

I was weak—I am strong,
In the power of His might;
And my darkness He's turned
Into light, into light!

Tune.—Gird on the Armour, 223; Song Book, 552.

4 I have read of men of faith,
Who have bravely fought till death,
Who now the crown of life are wearing;
Then the thought comes back to me,
Can I not a soldier be,
Like to those martyrs bold and daring?

I'll gird on my armour, and rush to the field,
Determined to conquer, and never to yield;
So the enemy shall know,
Wheresoever I may go,
That I am fighting for Jehovah.

I, like them, will take my stand,
With the sword of God in hand,
Smiling amid opposing legions;
I, the victor's crown will gain,
And at last go home to reign
In Heaven's bright and sunny regions.

Holiness.

Tunes.—I'd Choose to be a Soldier, 98; Ellacombe, 30; Song Book No. 439.

5 I'm set apart for Jesus, to be a king and priest;
His life in me increases, upon His love I feast.
From evil separated, made holy by His blood,
My all is consecrated unto the living God.

I'm set apart for Jesus, His goodness I have seen;
He makes my heart His altar, He keeps His temple clean.
Our union none can sever, together every hour;
His life is mine for ever, with resurrection power.

I'm set apart for Jesus, with Him to ever stay;
My spirit He releases, He drives my fog away.
He gives full strength for trial, and shields when darts are hurled;
With Him and Self-Denial, I overcome the world.

Tunes.—My Father Knows, 173; Room For Jesus, 153; Song Book, No. 368.

6 Come Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jesus' merit,
Now Thy blissful self impart;
Sign our uncontested pardon,
Wash us in the atoning blood!
Make our hearts a watered garden;
Fill our spotless souls with God.

If Thou gav'st the enlarged desire,
Which for Thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancelled sin reveal;
Claim us for Thy habitation,
Dwell within our hallowed breast;
Seal us heirs of full salvation.
Fitted for our Heavenly rest.

Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till Thou all Thy mind declare,
All Thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy and perfect love impart;
Present everlasting heaven,
All Thou hast and all Thou art.

5814. LINGARD, SUSIE. Age 30; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; red hair, a little curly; blue eyes. Missing 15 years; last heard of in Detroit, U.S.A.

5029. WEDGWOOD, ROBERT. Age 18; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; light brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion; his arms are tattooed. Last heard of in Olinda, Ont.

5849. Wanted—the address of MRS. MAGGIE RICHARDS. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

5853. ALEXANDER, ALBERT; alias SPARROW. Age 26 years; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; sailed from England on the s.s. Southwark March 3rd, 1907. News wanted.

5881. HOLMES, THOS. Left Lethbridge 16 years ago; went to Virginia; may still be in the U. S. A. Was heard of in Quebec six years ago, or New Zealand.

5878. GILLESPIE, THOS. Age 47; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; auburn hair, black eyes, fair complexion; blacksmith; Irish. Last heard of at Michipicoten River, Lake Superior, Ont.

5874. BAKER, HENRY SIDNEY. Age 31, 5 ft. 11 in., blue eyes, broad shoulders; supposed to be in the Northwest; last heard of in Beeton, Ont. Reward for reliable information.

5850. BARNES, JOSEPH. Age 35, married, 6 ft., dark hair and eyes, dark complexion; Englishman; been out two years; last heard of in Toronto.

HEADQUARTERS SPECIALS.

THE TEMPLE.—Sunday, May 26.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

LISGAR ST.—Sunday, May 12.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.
(Morning and Night.)

MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON,
Praying League and Auxiliary Secretary, formerly Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read will visit London, May 11, 12, 13; St. Thomas, May 16; Windsor, May 18, 19, 20.

ADJT. SMITH'S PROPOSED TOUR IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Bridgetown, May 9, 10; St. John, May 11, 12, 13; Sussex, May 14, 15.

EASTERN TOUR OF ENSIGN SHEARD WITH BIOSCOPE.

Bear River, May 20; Annapolis, May 21; Bridgetown, May 22; Digby, May 23; Yarmouth, May 24; Clark's Harbor, May 25, 26; Weymouth, May 27; Freeport, May 28; St. John I., May 29; Fredericton, May 30; Woodstock, May 31; St. Stephen, June 1, 2.

TERRITORIAL FINANCIAL SPECIALS.

Captain Tiller.—Midland, May 10, 11, 12; Omamee, May 13, 14; Lindsay, May 15, 16; Fenelon Falls, May 17, 18 and 19; Kinmount, May 20; Ireland, May 21; Coldkonk, May 22; Uxbridge, May 23, 24; Brampton, May 25, 26, 27; Orangeville, May 28, 29; Dundas, May 30, 31; Hamilton II., June 1, 2; Hamilton I., May 3; Hamilton III., June 4; St. Catharines, June 5, 6, 7; Niagara Falls, June 8, 9, 10.

Capt. Davey, Northwest Province.—Winnipeg, May 2; Selkirk, May 3-6; Winnipeg, May 7, 8.

Captain Ash, Eastern Province.—Amherst, May 2, 3; Sackville, May 4, 5; Summerside, May 6, 7; Charlottetown, May 8, 9; Moncton, May 10.

Capt. Hurd, East Ontario Province.—Pembroke, May 8, 9; Renfrew, May 10; Tweed, May 11, 12, 13, 14; Campbellford, May 15, 16, 17; Peterboro, May 18, 19, 20; Manvers, May 21, 22; Toronto, May 23, 24, 25, 26, 27; Port Hope, May 28, 29; Cobourg, May 30, 31.

Captain Matier, West Ontario Province.—Sarnia, May 1, 2; Thedford, May 3; Forrest, May 4, 5, 6; Petrolia, May 7, 8; Strathroy, May 9; Stratford, May 10-12; Seaford, May 13; Clinton, May 14, 15; Goderich, May 16, 17; Wingham, May 18-20; Listowel, May 21, 22; Palmerston, May 23, 24.